





The Ultimate Evolution - Volume 02

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Chapter 1

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Ultimate Evolution: Main Story

Chapter 1: Los Angeles 1984

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I

In a simple and sloppy looking room. The white bedsheets had turned yellowish, giving off a pungent smell. The surrounding furniture was simple and old, covered by a layer of dust, and the ceiling seemed particularly low. This combination gave off a pressuring feeling, leaving one unable to breathe properly. Atop the wall, an antique clock was showing 4:51 PM in the afternoon.

“My wounds.... How is it they have completely vanished?”

Lying on the bed, Sheyan opened his eyes. He did not feel any urgency to get out of bed, but instead reflected on the recent happenings, and then unbuttoned his shirt to look at the mysterious mark on his chest then finally deciding to get out of bed.

He had always been composed and witty since young, and with his strength now restored, he appeared extremely calm not showing a hint of confusion from the recent strange events. Instead, he had a very smooth and natural expression, even a slight hint of excitement as though he had been here many times already.

The floor was in a mess with many ancient looking beer glasses and bottles laying around, the labels on these items were all written in english. Sheyan picked up a beer glass, glancing at the label which said: Year 1984, Mirage Beer.

“This is?” Sheyan paused to think. Sheyan was a sociable person, making lots of friends during his time at sea, especially at the end when his status became higher, his circle of friends was naturally very broad.

One of his friends in the steel industry, William Musi, was an extremely wealthy and flaunting man, and his hobby was collecting bottles of famous beer. Before

he had showcased his entire beer collection, no matter if it was the 1874 english beer from the UK, or China's number 1 beer and even beer from Russia and Slovakia, he had it all. The value of all this could be said to be worth at least 10 million dollars.

This brand, Mirage beer was also part of his collection, because this branding was very prominent, earning its reputation as a super beer. Once it had dominated the american markets, however it was in 1984 that Budweiser company acquired it. Because the beer industry was booming then, beer bottle designs were trending, and even the Coca-Cola company copied its design.

In front of Sheyan was obviously a newly produced tank of Mirage beer. Was he actually brought back to the 1984 era in America? The mysterious voice from before actually had such power to be able to bypass space and time. Then... what is the meaning of the test that the voice mentioned from before?

Suddenly, a loud siren "DA DA DA DA..." filled the peaceful room, this sound was actually coming from the table. Sheyan immediately stood up from his bed following the mysterious siren. He had already taken a few lives recently, and was now overflowing with a baleful aura.

The sound originated from an old typewriter on the table, although nobody was using it, it operated by itself, as lines of ink one by one emerged from the paper underneath

Contract sample 1018, Congratulations on entering the nightmare realm."

"This is the variation that you will go through in the Nightmare realm – the Terminator world."

"This is your variation type of the Nightmare realm, if you have queries on this world, you can refer to the relevant materials beside you, take note: Under normal circumstances, this world has certain prerogatives."

"WARNING: You can interact with the various characters, but you cannot tell them or use whatsoever methods to leak out knowledge or confidential secrets of this nightmare realm."

"WARNING: You must complete the task given to you within 48 hours or there will be consequences."

The word consequences was bolded, as glaring as blood itself giving one an uneasy feeling as though it was an extreme taboo.

“Main Mission: Dispose of the Space-time convergence.

“Mission summary: Skynet has made preparations earlier to dispatch and send out the terminator with the plan of assassinating critical relevant characters in history. However, to activate time-traveling and send the terminator over, they must create an extremely stable space-time convergence in the present.

“Mission goals: Eliminate the Skynet’s space-time convergence in this world.”

“Mission pointer: You may be attacked during this mission.”

Mission pointer: By accepting this mission, you will be bestowed with special capabilities, enabling you to penetrate through disguises and see the space-time convergence.

Pointer: You can achieve several milestones in this world (including other worlds beyond this).”

“Efficient user: If you can accomplish this mission without killing any unrelated person right from the start of this mission until your last.” (This excludes mission objectives of killing certain individuals, the rest are categorized as unrelated)

“Butcher: Accumulating a total of over 100 innocent lives killed in this terminator series. (This milestone can only be achieved through close-quarter combat, statistics will only count if you deal more than 50 damage points to each person)

“Machine predator: You must accumulate more than 3 terminator kills.” (Your damage counter to the terminator must total up to more than 50 points)

“Love spark: Sarah Connor’s affection points to you must exceed 50.”

“Treacherous ally: You must kill 50 cops.” (Your damage counter to each cop must exceed 50 points)

“.....”

“....”

“Unable to view the remaining milestones... Power level is not adequate.”

“Achieve the different milestones to unlock the relevant titles.”

“Every contestant can have a title, and you can only wield one title at a time. Different title will invoke different special abilities, in most situations, you cannot change your title after entering a battlezone.

WARNING: After accepting this mission, you will face unimaginable dangers. Likewise if you complete a dangerous mission, your rewards will naturally be greater.

Sheyan examines this paper repeatedly, carefully reading it 3 times, absorbing as much of the information into his brain as he could. Shutting his eyes to think, he turned to look at the side of the typewriter.

A magazine was placed over there.

This magazine looked extremely new, completely contrasting its ancient surroundings, with the words “TERMINATOR” written clearly at the front.

Obviously this magazine contained information on this world. Looking at his mission objectives, this item should be specially designed for it, that means if he lost it, there will not be a second copy.

It was the year 2029 30th of July, 2:23 AM in the wee hours of the morning. The revolutionary army general John Connor led the Californian army to launch a fearsome attack against the base of Skynet. 31th July in the early morning, the revolutionary army suffered heavy losses as it marched against Skynet. Connor and the revolutionary army’s Kyle Reese disregarding their personal safety, courageously charged into the Nucleus zone. At this moment, Connor saw a T-800 robot suddenly vanished into a strange vortex.

After extensive investigations, Connor concluded that it was a time travel machine robot being sent back to 1984 with the aim of eliminating his very own mother, trying to rewrite the course of history by preventing Connor’s birth. Reese suddenly proclaimed courageously he was going to protect Connor, abandoning his personal safety, he jumped into the time vortex. Before he left he promised: “Trust me, I will be back!”

Two days later, Connor walked out of the base. Fifth of August, the revolution proclaimed Reese as “Missing.”

Year 1987, May 12, 1:52 AM in the morning, suddenly a T-800 robot appeared through a time vortex. 2:01 AM: Reese appeared through the time vortex. Because most of the information were burned during the war, Skynet was unable to find any information on Sarah Connor's whereabouts. The two of them without a known destination begun looking for her. That day, the T-800 robot consecutively murdered two Sarahs, one called Sarah Anna Connor, the other was a called Sarah Louise Connor, however both were the wrong woman.

From the future, the killing machine was named: Terminator. The story begins from here....

Although these materials were not reliable, Sheyan had a basic understanding towards the Terminator world. With the knowledge from all these materials, he could confirm one thing: He was sent back in time to 1984, the first destination of the terminator in the movies! His memories of how to use this information would be extremely advantageous.

Being very familiar with his mission, the words from the typewriter slowly faded away dissipating into the stale air. However its contents were already captured into the symbol on his chest – He could access the nightmare imprint at anytime. He could also voice out questions and receive answers from it.

After accepting his main mission, several huge red numbers appeared in his vision and started counting down. 48 hours, entering the terminator world in approximately 5 minutes 31 seconds. Beneath the numbers there were several options, Sheyan thought for a moment and shouted out:

“Time: Year 1984, 12th of May, 10 in the morning.”

“Address: California, Los Angeles. (North latitude 42.19 Degrees, west longitude 83.2 Degrees)”

“Scene: Terminator's first appearance”

“Difficulty level: Easy”

“Pain limits: 70”

“Individual extra strength: 50.”

“Present extraterrestrial vision: 0.31”

“Additional tips: In a peaceful environment/scenario, contestant’s death will not trigger any loot to drop. Initializing personal digitalized character information sharing. Contestant can use his nightmare imprint to scan a person’s attributes.”

“You are free to roam about and interact with any character. You will be forgotten after leaving this world.”

“Mission counter: 1”

“Your original appearance has been restored, and you are free to adjust your appearance within this Nightmare realm. Any doubts, you can ask through the Nightmare imprint or use your powers to get an answer.”

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Chapter 2

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Chapter 2: Sudden Danger

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I

Sheyan stared into the mirror, fascinated by his new appearance and proceeded to dress himself in a new set of clothes. In his mind, the most useful things from the message undoubtedly are the, "Pain limitations of 70" and "Increased strength of 50", going by logical thinking, his personal battle prowess will have at least doubled.

Sheyan then chose a personal digital assistant character (Used to pass information I presume), Suddenly something floated out:

Contestant number 1018's information. A fully grown adult male, calculating attributes.

◦
Contestant number 1018 innate ability: Endurance (Passive). Any character's attack on you will be lowered by 25 points, if the damage is beneath 25 points then overall damage will count as 1.

Pointer: Innate abilities can only be further practiced to greater heights after being awakened, that is why it is unleashed within the nightmare realm and space. Only when one successfully grasps the power of their innate ability can they use it in other environments or places.

Pointer: Innate ability grading: C class

Your number is only relevant to your own genetic class, it will not work with other classes.

Your basic attribute is similar to an average grown male's value.

Strength: 8 points (5 point). Strength determines your close combat prowess. This affects your ability to carry heavy objects, which includes certain heavy but

powerful weapons/equipments.

Agility: 6 Points (5 points). Agility determines your movement speed and attack speed, and your ability to dodge. It also affects your ability in far-range attacks/defence.

Physique: 12 Points (5 points). Basic endurance: Physique determines your ability to resist an attack, it also determines your stamina in battle, and affects the speed of health regeneration as well as defence. Health regeneration: physique divided by 2 (This means Sheyan's health regeneration is 6 points per minute). Your life force (Health points) is your physique x10.

Under extremely heavy injuries, speed of health regeneration will also slow down.

Base defence: $\text{Physique} / 2$

Sheyan's defence is now 6 points.

Defence is the primary attribute in resisting an opponent's attack, defence can also protect against /shorten or lower battle abnormalities (Dizziness, slowness, stuns, frost and burns etc).

Lower injury rate formula: $\text{Decreasing damage percentage} = (\text{defence} \times 0.4) / (\text{Defence} \times 0.4 + 10)$

Actual power: 1 point of defence is equivalent to lowering 4% +/- of incoming damage. It also shortens any battle abnormalities on your body by 4 percent.

5 defence can lessen approximately 16 percent total damage and also shorten abnormalities by 16 percent.

10 defence can lessen approximately 28 percent of total damage and shorten abnormalities by 28 percent.

15 defence can lessen approximately 37 percent of total damage and shorten abnormalities by 37 percent.

50 defence can lessen approximately 66 percent of total damage and shorten abnormalities by 66 percent.

100 defence can lessen approximately 80 percent of total damage and shorten abnormalities by 80 percent.

100 defence can lessen 80 percent of damage. However from here on, the higher the defence the rate of reducing damage grows much slower.

“Perception sensing: 11 points (5 point). Perception is what you hear, feel and see. Perception sensing allows you to feel if there is danger up ahead and give a better understanding on the situation/area allowing for critical planning. A person with high perception sensing is able to sense danger quickly, the bigger the danger the earlier it will be sensed, allowing to make preparations in advance. This influences attack precisions, a long range combatant naturally uses his Perception sense to pressure his opponents.

Take note: If an opponent's Perception sensing level is higher than yours, your Perception sense will be weaken and even counteract. If your opponent's perception sense is overwhelmingly higher than yours, he can easily trick you or throw you off track easily.

(TN: Not sure what word to use so i just used perception sense for now. It is something like divine sense but not really divine in this case, sense is also too simple.)

Charm: 6 points (5 point). Charm refers to your appearance, speech, class, and the ability to comprehend, connect and gather information from others. Charm mainly determines how well you can bond and interact with others, which may increase the rate of mastering various mysterious skills or even lower the chance of people attacking you. Certain specialized enchantments or summoning skills may also require a certain charm level. As such, charm influences other attributes greatly, and a person with a high charm level has certain advantages in dire situations.

Intelligence: 5 points (5 points). Intelligence determines your mental power (MP) and also the rate of MP regeneration. Strictly speaking, determines the amount of times you can release a skill. Your current MP: Intelligence x 10.

Spirit: 4 Points (5 points). Spirit power is able to enhance your skills formidably, it also influences skill damaging frequency.

Once you have entered the Nightmare space/world, your wounds will heal faster than a normal person by 400 times. Your concentration/ focus recovery is also 120x a normal person. Your current HP is 120 points, MP is 50 points. Once

your HP is lower than 2 points, your moment and perception will be greatly impaired, and you will die once HP reaches 0 points. When MP is at 1 point, where this state will induce symptoms of headaches, nausea and vomiting, and fatigue. Once MP reaches 0, you will black out.

Your body attributes has already been digitalized. Once you face any danger in this nightmare realm, any fatal attacks directed to your brain/ heart will not result in you instantly dying, it will only increase greatly the damage you receive. However, if an enemy injures your perceptive organs like your eyes/nose/ears or other key areas, you will still be affected accordingly whether it is the loss of hearing/deafness/crippling *etc.*

Losing of perceptive organs will not be able to be treated with just rest or ordinary elixirs. Under normal circumstances, one must return to the nightmare space for medical treatment, unless the person finds a special elixir/item or a character that possess healing abilities.

While absorbing all these information, Sheyan could clearly see a short red line appearing before his eyes, below it a blue line. This should be the so called Life Force (HP) as well as Mental Power (MP).

Understanding, Sheyan nodded his head, no wonder his intuition and ability to overcome the odds was exceptional since young. This should be because his perception level was way above the norm at 11 points, and also why he could last for so long even after a gunshot to the chest was because of his high physique level at 12 points.

“Innate ability?” Sheyan was amused at this mysterious attribute. He immediately tried using the nightmare imprint to access his memories. The sound of the typewriter typing immediately filled his ears.

“To be selected as a contestant in his nightmare realm, one had to possess immense character and potential far from the ordinary folk. Being able to be skillful or stronger in one aspect, that is one’s innate ability. Amongst the contestants selected, over 50 had the innate ability, and even some possessed a few innate abilities.

When Sheyan heard this, he frowned. Over 50 possessed innate abilities, this was definitely not good news, as he continued listening to the nightmare

imprint:

According to your body evaluation, you currently possess two usable skills. One: Basic footwork lvl 1, two: Basic endurance: lvl 1. After returning you can go for another body evaluation.

Sheyan immediately identified these two skills to survey, meaning of basic footwork lvl 1: you have learned a few evading techniques, allowing you to be more nimble in battle. Meaning of basic endurance: You normally like exercising, that is why your endurance level is increased. This must be the results of Sheyan's training in the real world.

"Brat, the money you gave will only last you till here, the next customer has already paid his room fees. Quick pack your stuffs and leave. Remember, I will be back 5 minutes later, you would not want to see me then."

Sheyan's expression darken, twitching his brows, swallowing up his unhappiness. At this moment, he could hear a soft voice in his ears saying: Current world commenced! He immediately stepped out of his room. At this moment, he suddenly felt a wave of heat bubbling up in his entire body, his footsteps has also become extremely light. He enquired his personal attributes, strength 12 points, agility 9 points, physique 18 points, perception 17 points (Rounding up), charm 9 points, spirit 6 points and intelligence 8 points. Surely his attributes all increased by 50 percent.

He raised his fist, feeling the strength flowing in his bones. In this moment, it was as though something awakened in his heart, an unexplainable ambition simultaneously sprung up.

"With this sort of strength, what are Huashan Fei or Black Devil? They are all trash! This realm is so mysterious, then Uncle Dasi's crippled hands can be restored here!

Sheyan's room was at the extreme end of the second floor of this bar, and the only stairs was at the other extreme end. To go down, he had to walk through the entire corridor. Looking at the fat dark skinned woman in front of him swaying her buttocks nonchalantly, Sheyan got a little annoyed. At this moment, that fat woman stopped at another room and loudly shouted:

"Rental time is up, if the customer wants to continue, please proceed below to

pay up.”

After speaking she walked down. Sheyan remained unconcerned, as he prepared to make his way down. It was at the very moment when he reached the room that the fat lady just shouted at, that the room door abruptly swung open. A single male with a long and full beard stepped out.

This bar was an old building that urgently need construction, as the wood flooring croaked with each step, the stairs railing were extremely shaky and the place was extremely filthy. When this bearded man walked out, he coincidentally blocked Sheyan’s path leaving no room to slip past.

Sheyan halted, raising his thick brows and shut his eyes, he immediately could see a glimmer of radiance signifying danger. Under normal circumstances, walking sideways would have been fine, but after getting this perceptive sensing, it was extremely easy to predict anything. Within this peacefulness, danger lurks on every side. If he walked sideways to pass, he would expose himself to an unknown risk in front of him!

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Chapter 3

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Chapter 3: King of Gambling

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Sheyan's behavior may be a little paranoid, but the fact is, that this person walked out at the same time, and was similarly alone in this hotel's room! Anyone would notice the hidden significance. He may very well be in the same boat, one of the so called "contestants!". Although Sheyan may be an amateur here, he at least remembers the initial explanation about this place that in a peaceful setting, contestants that die will not drop any loot.

This detail, after eliminating its primary reason, holds two hidden truths. A contestant can actually be killed, and there would be scenarios in the future where killing fellow contestants can allow one to reap huge benefits. The important point is that Sheyan's main task was to destroy the space-time convergence in 48 hours, however what if there was only one space-time convergence?

Undoubtedly there would be a conflict of interests between the other contestants, inevitably leading to dire consequences. This possibility may not be big, but it is definitely possible! To Sheyan, relying on one's fist would be the best option, there was no other!

That is why Sheyan cannot expose himself, he did not dare to! This bearded man looked as though he had no intention to leave. The reason is , if he turned his body around, it would expose his entire back, and he could only pray Sheyan was not hostile. If Sheyan was hostile , then he would die a very ill fated and unfair death!

The two remained motionless in the corridor, surveying each other, trying to figure out the other but both were not willing to make the first move. This was because both were not confident in their personal victory. Fearing there were

others spying on them, Sheyan deliberated for a moment, slowly reaching out for a cigarette in his coat as he lighted it and took a puff. Squinting his eyes as though he was enjoying his cigarette, he slowly extended his left hand placing it on the mouldy wooden railing.

Sheyan's actions were very slow and gentle wanting to prevent the other party from misjudging his sudden actions. As he pressed down harder onto the railing, suddenly this already shaky railing actually broke completely! Feigning, he fell down from the second floor in frantic. This was only the second floor, as Sheyan effortlessly did a somersault and landed on the ground. He looked up and took a nice long stare at the bearded man. Afterward, he kicked away the two crooked stool blocking his way, pushed open the main door and walked into the streets.

Walking through an alley filled with neon streetlights, looking at the surrounding architecture of the 70s-80s, the antique vehicles, Sheyan gave off a sigh. In his heart he felt a little wrong about rewriting the course of history, yet his expression was serene as though he had experienced a long and fulfilling life.

The city was bustling, and he had a lot of things on his mind: Accepting this request meant he was fully aware of the hidden dangers. The first course of action was to familiarize himself with the environment, it was best if he could find some useful equipment or weapons for himself, before thinking about finding and destroying the space-time convergence. At all times, he could only rely on himself to protect himself.

To achieve this objective, the fastest possible route was to resort to crime. Since young Sheyan had been living in poverty, he was extremely familiar with robbing and stealing. However he had always secretly looked down upon his kind of behavior, therefore Sheyan decided to forgo this shortcut.

Finding an expert guide is one of the options, letting the guide lead him and he just had to make a few threats or promises of rewards. However, threats are a double edged sword, if one did not possess domineering powers this can easily backfire on him. Therefore, to the amateur Sheyan, the best idea was to use rewards as bait.

Reaching deep into his pockets, he only found two measly 5 dollar notes. This small amount of money was only good enough for a meal, how would it be an

incentive for someone to help him? In this world, being able to turn a 10 dollars into a hundred or thousands was simply too difficult and rare. However, there was one risky method that Sheyan knew of.... Gambling!

In his previous world, Sheyan's livelihood led him to explore different ports all around the world, experiencing many different kinds of illegal entertainment. Recalling his memories, he had indeed relied on his keen perception to win much on the betting table. However Sheyan knew when to cut his losses, and never intended to make gambling his hobby or professional career. Although he was not famous, his gambling tactics and skills were a thing to behold.

"Since I need to resort to gambling to raise funds, then competing would be hard to avoid."

"Before, dealing with two grown males was my limit. Even after the transformation, the maximum would be 5-6 grown men, however if a large group were to surround me, even I will have to flee for my life. Oh right! My innate ability, Endurance, should have been awakened, however the real strength of this ability is yet to be determined."

"Time is of the essence, I can only try first, if it doesn't work out I will think of another way."

Sheyan was scheming in his heart, deciding to first survey his environment. Realizing that the bearded man did not follow him, he relaxed and continued walking down the alley, making a slight turn he reached a road intersection. On the left was the ground floor of a tall building, and a loop of shabby looking neon signs, vaguely spelling out the words "Dallas Pub". The crowd here was small, and the surroundings were remote. The pub had a small slanted back door looking as though it was used as an escape route, and its main door was a rusty sliding door, making creaking sounds as it slides.

Walking to the entrance, once could smell a warm odour mixed with cheap cosmetics, beer, and sweat causing Sheyan to sneeze twice. Inside the bar was a chaotic mess, loud music filled the air, the walls were decorated with cracks, vandalism and obscene drawings.

There was dust everywhere easily noticeable under the lighting. On the left was a bar counter and the wooden slab had been split open, while above the

counter was an array of beer bottles hanging atop a metal extension along the wall. A wooden board was nailed onto the wall, resting on it were a few glass bottles and pictures of celebrities. Those glass bottles contained a mixture of red and green whisky and other alcohols.

The bartender was a bald man, folding his hands against his chest. He had a horse like face, a pair of small eyes staring cautiously at the unfamiliar Sheyan. Sheyan walked to the bar counter and very naturally produced a rolled up 5 dollar bill using an impatient tone he spoke:

“Hi Jack, get me a glass of beer.”

The bartender retrieved the money, his expression relaxing a little as his trained hands poured a big glass of beer, he replied coldly:

“I am Martin, thanks.”

Sheyan drank a mouthful of beer, looking at his surroundings. He noticed a gathering of 5-6 people. Most of them were gambling, two ladies in a flowery costume were pacing about entertaining customers. Apart from serving and clearing the beer glasses, they used their deep cleavage to receive tips from customers.

Sheyan spun round observing, he got a clearer understanding of their betting games. He circled one of the group, cheering around with them as he blended in, fishing out the 5 dollar note in his coat. Although this time's bet was only 5 dollars, but in Sheyan's heart he felt a tinge of nervousness and a very strong desire to win, This was his entire fortune!

The fact that Sheyan's heightened perception was extremely beneficial was proven once again. 5 dollars turned to 10, he then lost 3 dollars, and after 20 minutes, his 5 bucks had increased 6 fold! Sheyan then proceeded to change to another betting group engaged in Texas poker. Normally this game had a higher rate of losing than winning, but the winnings for one round far outweigh the amount lost for one round, After a mere half an hour, his fortune expanded to 4 digits, and his surrounding gamblers all had a terribly ugly expression. Of course, Sheyan's gaze also adapted accordingly.

Full House! Sheyan's hand once again decimated his opponents, and at this point in time, a large crowd had begun gathering around this betting table.

Especially on Sheyan's left and right unknowingly stood two huge thugs showing off a black tattoo on their bulky arms. They pretended to converse between themselves about beating someone to a pulp the previous night, but were actually trying to indirectly pressure Sheyan.

Currently, Sheyan was winning a lot and losing little. A small punk with a tiny beard, wearing a cowboy hat, sitting directly opposite from Sheyan had just clearly lost everything leaving an empty space in front of him. However, this punk as though oblivious to his personal crisis, foolishly persisted in gambling as he shouted out:

"500 bucks."

Sheyan shrug his shoulders as he unenthusiastically spoke out:

"Show me your cash first."

Small beard looked up and grinned evilly:

"Looks like you don't recognize Bloody Jack? That's fine, I have no cash but I will mortgage two fingers!"

He actually reached out and grabbed a shiny dagger from his leather shoes piercing it down onto the table.

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Chapter 4

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Chapter 4: Terrifying digital transformation

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Before entering this pub, Sheyan had already calculated this possibility. Feeling calm, his eyes slightly squinting, he coldly laughed but did not say anything.

Bloody Jack mistook that as fear, as he laughed out loud.

“Leave all the cash on you behind if you don’t dare!”

Bloody Jack then coughed loudly and spat into a nearby glass of alcohol. He then slid the glass across the betting table to Sheyan as he ignorantly laughed:

“Of course, you need to drink this glass of alcohol as reparation, then you can f**k off.”

The two huge thugs, with a cold smile on their faces, had their hands pressed down on Sheyan’s shoulders. They were afraid Sheyan would try to escape in the face of terror. However at this very moment, rolling his eyes Sheyan laughed, as the the words escaped through the cracks of between his teeth:

“Bastard, you’re dead!”

As the words escaped his mouth, he shrugged his shoulders violently as he elbowed fiercely to his back. This movement was extremely smooth yet abrupt, as Bloody Jack’s man were all prepared for Sheyan’s attempt to escape but never expected him to retaliate!

Sheyan was sitting on a small stool, while the two huge thugs were both inclining towards him on both sides. With a ferocious elbow to the back, it smashed through the stool’s back support and heavily landed onto the crotch of the two thugs.

Bloody Jack was an outlaw, looking at the violence unfolding in front of him, his heart was set ablaze with rage. He immediately reached out for the dagger

still stuck vertically on the table. Sheyan was still sitting on the stool, with little space to dodge on his sides, he swung forward instead aiming at Bloody Jack's wrist. Coincidentally, Bloody Jack struck out with his knife and instead he misjudged and grabbed onto the blade of the incoming knife instead.

Sheyan's heart trembled, he was extremely confident in his grip however he recalled something right before swung out his his hand: In this world, contestant's strength were increased by 50%. Because of this, he misjudged the speed of his hand making such a fatal mistake. Looking at this, Bloody Jack gave off an evil laugh, fiercely pulling out the knife from Sheyan's hand as the blade slashed against his opponents fingers attempting to sever them.

Although the shimmering dagger blade was dyed with a gloomy red, Sheyan only felt a slight pain in his hands. Not thinking any further, he pounced forward grabbing onto Bloody Jack's black hair and smashed it downwards.

"PAM!" the table became crooked as the alcohol glasses and betting chips flew upwards upon impact. Bloody Jack's face was bloody as he looked up furiously, but was immediately blown away with a heavy punch. His heavy body flipped backwards twice as he smashed against the floor blowing away a few tables along the way.

To Bloody Jack, he felt as though a massively heavy object was repeatedly pounding against him. It happened so fast he could not even feel the pain yet as his world was shaken around him, he opened his mouth to speak but the mouth full of blood choked his words.

Although Sheyan's strength was quite exceptional, his agility and escaping ability were not considered high. After his last punch, he could already feel a murderous wind from all sides along with angry curses, as Bloody Jack's angry underlings began their assault.

"PAM" "PAM" the cracking sound of fists surged forward, as two beer bottles had already crashed down onto Sheyan's head. Shreds of glass were flying about as another stool violent smacked down onto Sheyan's back. Sheyan swiftly reacted as he spun around with a murderously terrifying look as he charged forward with a killing intent.

Two minutes later, no one on Blood Jack's side was left standing, all sprawling

across the ground in agony moaning and groaning in pain. Sheyan was already very experienced in dealing with this kind of people, furthermore his strength had recently been greatly enhanced to a high 12 points. He was easily stronger than a grown strong male by twofolds, inflicting heavy damage everywhere he struck. His blows were strong enough to even cause fractures and internal bleeding upon impact.

Fighting inside this pub was a common occurrence, as the passerbys casually dispersed to one side and carried on watching the show. However the conclusion shocked everyone to a stupor. This new guy actually managed to take down 6 huge hooligans in a short timespan and yet he did not look like he was that kind of a gangster material that could fight. Although there were clear visible wounds on his body, however looking at his state, it felt like he could challenge another 6 more guys and win!

Looking at the disorderly mess of his opponents on the floor, Sheyan contemptuously gave off a snort, tidied up his coat, he casually pick up a bottle of brandy and poured it on his injured hand. What was shocking is that his wound was not as deep as he imagined it to be, and even portrayed signs of the wound closing up.

“What... what is this?” Sheyan was a tad amazed, he had used his hand to ferociously grab onto the sharp knife blade, his wound should not have been light. He reached out to feel his head and felt only a faint tingling pain on the area where the beer bottles smashed on, and it did not even bleed. Suspiciously, he activated his nightmare imprint and gathered several information:

“Because of your perceptive sensing, you have acquired the recent battle statistics.”

“Replaying battle sequence.”

“Your elbow strike gave Bloody Jack’s henchman 48 points of total damage (Lower vital point sustained great injuries), stunning him rendering him unable to continue battle.”

“Your elbow strike gave Bloody Jack’s henchman 43 points of total damage (Lower vital point sustained great injuries), stunning him rendering him unable to continue battle.”

“Bloody Jack’s bottled glass did 31 points of damage, your innate ability: Endurance (Passive) activated, reducing damage by 25 points, total damage received only 6 points.”

“Bloody Jack’s henchman’s beer bottle did 27 points of damage, your innate ability: Endurance (passive) activated, reducing damage by 25 points, total damage received only 2 points.”

“Bloody Jack’s henchmen’s stool did 8 points of damage to your back, Innate activity: Endurance (passive) activated lowering damage by 25 points, total damage received only 1 point.”

Looking at all these statistics, Sheyan let off a cold laughter:

“Looks like my innate ability is that useful!”

With no reason to stay, winning enough cash for himself, he then walked out of the pub. Stopping at the Pub’s entrance, he spun round and walked towards the groaning Bloody Jack. Squatting down he slapped lightly on his face as he whispered:

“Didn’t you want to wager two fingers before?”

Bloody Jack immediately shrank backwards, his eyes exhibiting a terrified look. When he was about to speak, Sheyan had already retrieved the shiny dagger beside him as he sliced lightly. Alongside a mournful shrill, two severed fingers flew up, one landing onto a leg of the nearby thug and the other landing into a glass of alcohol dyeing it red. Coincidentally, it was the glass of alcohol that Bloody Jack had spat in previously.

“Okay, now we are even.” Sheyan whispered. He then swiped clean all the money on the betting table as he left without looking back.

Sheyan had a sudden thought: To a contestant, in the instance upon entering the nightmare realm, his body would experience a digital transformation, but it was clearly also a body strengthening process!

Citing a simple example, Liu Xiang’s* best result is 12.91 seconds, however he cannot possibly replicate that same result every time. However after a digital transformation, he could then produce the same results even in 10 matches.

*Liu Xiang is a Chinese 110 meter hurdler. Liu is an Olympic Gold medalist and

World Champion. His 2004 Olympic gold medal was the first in a men's track and field event for China.

This was the reason why Sheyan was able to easily deal with each opponent individually with equal intensity although his attributes were not overwhelmingly greater than them. This is because his every action, no matter if it was attacking/defending/dodging, it was all operating at his maximum capacity following his attribute points. Coupled with excellent battle tactics and experience, he was able to attain victory with relative ease!

After striding through several streets, Sheyan started looking for a public telephone. At the time, public phones were fixed by the roadside in America, and the phones were found inside phone booths. This protected the user from the rain as well as prevent anybody from eavesdropping. The phone booth also contained an umbrella, a phone book as well as a cooling ointment for the skin on hot days.

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Chapter 5

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Chapter 5:Death on all sides

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

The massively thick phonebook contained a huge amount of names along with their house address, job and personal phone numbers. Every phone booth had an allocated sector to prevent crowding, however it is already 9 plus at night, and the night was still young and free causing a huge queue outside every phone booth.

Sheyan's goal wasn't to make a phone call, but to research on the person named "Sarah Connor" through the phone book. Primarily, it looked as if there was no relation between his main mission and this female character, however looking in retrospect to this Terminator world, Sarah Connor is no doubt a pivotal character. If Sheyan was able to locate her earlier on, then he would have a much bigger advantage.

Sheyan waited at a phonebooth with a seemingly shorter queue. Actually with Sheyan's power, he could forcefully obtain money from others, threaten others to lead him to places, and even cut this queue without others going against him. Why should he go through this much trouble?

Based on Sheyan's conventional behavior, he was generally a person with great morals, but that was definitely not the main reason. Within him, he felt a tiny intuition that once he committed such immoral actions, it would trigger several unnecessary or detrimental consequences. This intuition should be the advantage of his high perceptive sensing.

Looking ahead there were still 3 people in the queue, Sheyan went ahead and entered a mini-mart first. Purchasing a pack of cigarettes, he starting smoking and leisurely paid 50 dollars without waiting for the change from the stubby middle-aged sales woman behind the counter. The elderly woman was so

pleased that her smile pushed her cheek fats all the way to the corners of her face. To the sales woman, this strong and sturdy man probably had an ulterior motive, 70-80% he should be looking to develop a one night stand. As Sheyan was about to join back the phone queue, he was suddenly attracted to the noise from a nearby television.

Los Angeles crime news report, there's been a new development in the Bulude street case with a suspect named Porter. At approximately 5:07 PM he robbed a supermarket, killing 6 civilians and stealing the day's earnings. 2 of the police amongst the 3 on his tail were also killed in the line of duty. According to investigators, the suspect had probably gone through intensive rigorous strength enhancing exercises, as his escaping abilities in running and jumping far exceeded the normal person. As of now, police have activated a large task force to capture this criminal, this is all from our reporter on site."

Sheyan immediately raised his brows, he himself should have entered this world at about 5 pm and that guy named Porter committed the crime at 5:07 PM. The timing is too coincidental... at this time, the television broadcasted a live image. On site, there were several police cars with their flashing siren lights on the street. 20-30 Policemen were taking cover while holding on to their guns, someone was shouting at the suspect to surrender.

Suddenly, a high speed sedan came charging out! That screeching sound from the wheels made people want to pull out their ears, and the policemen without hesitation, started firing off their guns. Thick white smoke were emerging from the sports car's hood. At this moment, matchless bulky silhouette pushed out from the car door, in the air he appeared extremely agile and graceful as though a fish swimming in the pond. Somersaulting, he landed in the middle of those policemen.

At once, the american policemen started panicking, as they were afraid of firing at him in fear of shooting at their comrades, just like refraining from hitting rats for fear of breaking the vases (Chinese idiom). That unrestrained black figure moved as though possessing super speed, a moment he was charging forward, the next he had already heavily struck down one of the policeman. The might of the strike threw the poor cop 5-6 metres away. Screaming, the cop flew and landed onto the windscreen of a police car shattering it looking as though he had

broken a dozen of bones.

Sheyan took a deep breath, he naturally observed that the black figure's speed was fairly superior to his. According to his calculation, it must have been faster than an average person by threefolds. In retrospect, if this guy was a contestant, his agility must at least have been 15 points or more! If that guy's innate ability could further hasten his speed, then his speed would further multiply a few folds!

That black figure slid around the police cars nimbly like a snake – swift, precise, deadly, one at a time the policemen drop helplessly. This strange scene left the onlookers aghast, shocked, uneasy and frightened! This was basically a massacre!

However it was at this moment, a dark green police car came speeding in from far, this police car was extremely huge, about the same size as an ambulance or fire truck. The siren was flashing atop the car roof without a sound, its swift as lightning speed coupled with the reckless drifting gave one a misconception of its arrival.

Sheyan looked at this police car as a feeling of dread came upon him, unconsciously taking a few steps back and clenching his fists – even the threat was immensely felt through the television screen. He wondered how he would have felt if he was on scene himself.

While he was still lost in thought, the police car's windscreen suddenly retracted as three black gun barrels emerged silently from within. Distinctly, one could see a black glove holding on the grip of the gun – a grip with boulder like stability! Then, a spray of glaring gun fire shot out from the tip of the barrel! Before the broken car glass fragments fell to the ground, the distant black figure had already been shot excessively. First the chest, then the forehead followed by the rest of the body as blood spilled out from the gunshot wounds as he was thrown off from the impact. Taking another 3 shots in mid air, he flew 7-8 metres and landed on the ground with a "Pam!", rolling several more times and finally came to a motionless halt.

Under the intense glare of the spotlight, this guys's blood drained out slowly flowing into the nearby drain cover. Apart from the occasional twitch, he looked

as though he could not die an uglier death.

Consecutively, Sheyan's nightmare imprint spoke through his ears:

"Through your perceptive sensing, you have gained the following information."

"Contestant number 1844 was assaulted by special anti-terror task force delta."

"Contestant number 1844 is dead."

"Because you have witnessed the death scene of contestant no. 1844 through the television screen, thus you are unable to retrieve any battle statistics."

Sheyan took in a deep breath, as he started breaking out in cold sweat. Since the appearance of the delta anti-terror task force, he had never battered his eyelid even once! It was obvious his current strength was vastly inadequate. At this moment he realized something, it was also one of the initial pointers: In the Terminator world, slaughtering over a hundred innocent civilians would lead one to accomplish the "Butcher" milestone. This was definitely not difficult to achieve, but contained a great underlying danger!

From this unfortunate contestant no. 1884, it can be seen that even powerful contestants with superhuman abilities could not resist the balance and laws of the society. To the aforementioned contestant: Meaningless crime and slaughter would definitely attract the police, but it was extremely easy for him to escape the clutches of the police. He had even resisted and dealt with most of the policemen, which unknowingly activated the shocking delta anti-terror task force!

No matter what, if a contestant breaks the laws of society, he would still face the full force of the law through the police. The ordinary policemen were the primary boundary of this world, however if one were to forcefully step over the boundary, they would definitely invoke a stronger response for example the delta anti-terror task force! Beyond this anti-terror task force, who knew what other stronger defense mechanism were there.

On scene through the television, rescue and clean up works had begun, as corpses dripping with blood were being dragged about. Followed by new reporters and critics voicing out their views about this incident and the dead

criminal. They were swiftly trying to deduce the criminal with their own reasoning – drug addict, drug enhancements, serial killer, heartless, mentally impaired *etc.* The public quickly accepted the reported theories.

Sheyan puffed on his cigarette, shutting his eyes, as he allowed the smoke to escape out his lungs and through his nostrils. As though this could relieve the stress in his heart. He pondered awhile, he finally noticed the queue at the phone booth as finally empty and proceeded to walk forward to check through the phone book for a “Sarah Connor”.

According to the movies, due to the destruction of the information storages before the war, even the Terminator was unable to locate his assassination target, “Sarah Connor”. As such, he also used the phone books to check on Sarah’s whereabouts. Luckily, the female lead “Sarah Connor” was the third Sarah on the list. After eliminating the first two Sarahs, the Terminator then started looking for the actual Sarah, thus giving her a lot of time to hide and prepare herself.

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Chapter 6

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Chapter 6: Nightclub and the black market

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I

The appearance of the delta anti-terror task force taught Sheyan one thing, in this world there are many hidden unknown X factors , and these X factors did not surface in the movies. Some may be beneficial, at the same time some may be hostile. Similarly he could confirm that if he merely relied on the movie to determine the Terminator's power, that would very well prove to be fatal! Because in the movie, the female lead surviving was partially due to luck.

If Sarah Connor was at home when the Terminator first attacked, if one bullet hit amongst the thousands of bullets the Terminator fired, if the dog outside the office where the male and female lead had sex did not start barking and alerted them, if the Terminator was not insistent on using the oil tanker to bang them, if the already half demolished Terminator was able to climb the stairs a tad faster, if.....

To Sheyan, he felt that he wouldn't be as fortunate as the main leads in the movie, and it was impossible to have so many miracles if we were to risk it, therefore he had to be prudent. Also, his motive for searching through the phonebook was not only to locate Sarah Connor, but also to memorize the location of the two unfortunate 'Sarabs'.

His goal was very simple: These two women's address was where the Terminator will show up at. If he could reach beforehand to examine and prepare himself. Then once the Terminator shows up, he could investigate on this world's main predator the T-800. If he was able to grasp the capabilities or functions of the Terminator, then he would naturally have the upperhand.

After confirming his plans, Sheyan started to deal with the problem of obtaining equipments/weapons. In America, although it was legal to possess

guns and they even have firearms stores, there were many procedures like a background check by the police etc before purchasing one. Furthermore, the seller would, most of the time unethically downgrade the gun to save costs leaving the gun specifications to greatly decline. Specifications like lowering the firepower potency, lowering accuracy, removing semi-automatic functions etc... Truthfully speaking, using the products here to protect oneself was practically taking your life to be a joke.

Sheyan wasn't prepared to patronize these stores, and his aim was the black market. Over there, if one was able to have adequate cash, then he would be able to procure quality products. More importantly, Sheyan felt that these black market sellers would not report to the police if a conflict broke out. These would eliminate countless frustrations, and the only thing lacking now is someone, a local thug or boss to gain him access to the black market.

Sheyan rented a cab, fishing out 20 dollars he asked the cab to bring him to the city's biggest nightclub. The cab driver gave a perverted cheeky grin as he stepped on the pedal. 10 minutes later, he was standing on the dancefloor of this Nightclub called "Carousal".

This dancefloor was over a thousand square metres wide, strong dance music was booming, and the air was filled with the stench of alcohol and sweat. On the podium, there was a practically almost naked woman dancing sexily against a pole as a group of males surrounded her. Above Sheyan was a disco ball, made with glass, the disco ball reflected colorful lighting on every corner of the dancefloor.

Sheyan casually sat on a corner sofa, holding a glass of beer on his left hand, slightly closing his eyes, it looked as though he was hunting for female companion. Normally there were brokers selling marijuana or even pimps in this place, these people were well informed, and always hungry for money. Sheyan was following this reasoning as he offered himself as bait.

Very quickly, a female casually sat next to Sheyan. This female had fluffy blond hair, wearing a white top which exposed a cyan rose tattooed on her belly, a short black skirt showing off her long slender legs, and she reeked of perfume. Gazing at Sheyan she said,

“Your first time? Never seen you here before.”

How would Sheyan have a flirtatious mood right now? Waving his hand away as he placed his beer glass on the table, then proceeded to light a cigarette. This action had an underlying hint of playing hard to get, however this woman did not seem to understand the contemptuous ignoring, she coldly snorted while walking away.

Her leaving so blatantly was out of Sheyan's calculation, he took a puff as he continued appreciating the sexy women dancing as they showcased their curves. In this environment, he felt extremely comfortable like a fish in the water, as he quickly noticed a couple of people on the podium about 20 plus metres away vigorously snorting white powder that was on their telephone card. His heart thumped excitedly, as he walked in the direction.

Although these people were taking drugs, two of them still retained their senses. When they saw Sheyan walking toward them, they folded their arms and said menacingly:

“Oi, wrong way, the restroom is over there.”

Sheyan paused, finally taking out a stack of dollar notes:

“Brothers, I just broke up, share some of these goods.”

These K powder drug addicts were not middle men sellers, they only prepared enough drugs to party hard for a night. Why would they sell it to Sheyan? These people who were unnecessarily interrupted extended their hands in frustration:

“Out! Out and get lost!.”

Sheyan noticed suddenly that there were several people around him glaring at him – needless to say was because of that stack of dollar notes. His expression leaked a chilly smile, returning to his corner to sit. Not long after, a fierce-looking man walked over coldly saying:

“Buddy, this place is Old Harry's territory, I don't care if you are a snitch or a snag, Better F**king watch yourself a little.”

Everyone understood what was a snitch (Undercover cop), a snag was someone sent by another gang to spy on enemy gangs. Looks like this “Carousal”

Nightclub was a hot property, every gang wanted a piece of it.

Sheyan puffed on his cigar, breathing out a huge dense grey smog and whispered:

What snitch and snag? I just F**king flew over from Detroit, hearing that this place was not bad I decided to give it a go, is this how Carousel nightclub usually treats customers?"

That person's expression sunk a little, making a short quick eye contact with Sheyan, he picked up his side walkie-talkie and gave several soft instructions. As if gaining the approval from above, he glared at Sheyan and then walked away. After this person left, a young brat with a mohawk wearing a skeleton costume came to strike up a conversation:

"Heard you want to purchase goods?"

Sheyan whispered back:

"Do you have crack cocaine?"

Mixing hydrochloric acid with Cocaine, water and sodium bicarbonate, finally heating and removing the impurities, chlorine and iron, is this "Crack Cocaine". The reason for its name is due to the mini crackling sounds when smoking it. This drug's effect is rapid, highly addictive and is extremely expensive. The profits made from this were immense, of course.... The punishments if found with it was extremely severe.

Mohawk's expression changed after hearing it, standing from his small player viewpoint, he only dared to sell Marijuana, Ice, and a few common drugs. Crack Cocaine was something he did not dare to get involved with, and after listening to Sheyan he wanted to retreat. But just when he was stepping away, Sheyan threw a hundred bucks on the table:

"I am wanted in Detroit for committing a crime, and am now urgently looking for a few helpers to make a comeback. If you can bring me to the 'market' to procure quality goods, then this 100 bucks is yours. Of course I would give you a further 10% commission of the deal later on."

Mohawk greedily gazed at the 100 bucks, swallowing his saliva he said:

“Following the rules, you need to show me your hand, then I can bring you.”

Sheyan impatiently slammed his hands down onto the sofa, fuming with anger he fished out a thick stash of green notes. To Mohawk, it looked like tens of thousands as he immediately relaxed and nodded his head giving a slight smile. He did not know Sheyan only had 2000 dollars at hand, only a few notes in his hand were real the rest were counterfeit. However this place was dimly lit, under this low vision environment, Mohawk was easily fooled.

Under Mohawk's guidance, Sheyan reached the second floor and made several corners, walked past a few corridors and further climbed more stairs, he finally reached his destination. This place was heavily guarded, on the way here he past by several huge bouncers across the corridor, upon reaching here there were another 3 bodyguards standing by the wall. Folding their arms, they had an unfriendly gaze on their face.

After a simple and professional body check, ensuring that there were no weapons on their body, they arrived at a place that could be mistaken as a firearms exhibit by outsiders. This place contained numerous firearms, displaying different kinds of handguns, semi-auto rifles and automatic rifles. However there were only two shotguns that Sheyan wanted.

In the movie, the Terminator's body had a layer of protection, and it had two uses. One was to disguise himself in a crowd, two was to enable it to time travel – ordinary products and metals were unable to pass through the time machine.

That is why in a battle with the Terminator, an ordinary hand gun that would cause fatal wounds to normal humans, would have little to no effect on the Terminator's metal skeleton. There was practically no damaging capabilities. However, a shotgun that could only threaten a normal person in close proximity, would possess enough firepower to resist the Terminator, and slow down the Terminator's movement.

Chapter 7

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Chapter 7: Using a Bullet as payment

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:Elkassar

As Sheyan started surveying a set of weapons, the back door swung open as a woman emerged from behind it. The woman had a familiar look, it was the woman that Sheyan rejected before. Glancing at Sheyan, she coldly spoke out: "You are the one that wants to buy?"

Sheyan remained silent, extending his hand to pick up and examine a flashy designed pistol, immediately gaining several insights through his nightmare imprint: "M500 revolver." (Class: Ordinary)

"Made in: America,Smith & Wesson company."

"Equipment rarity: White."

"Firepower: 75-95"

"Material: Titanium steel, classic spray mix with phosphorous"

"Additional installations: Still model Silencer. Wooden strap holder."

"Ammunition type: 0.50 Magnum Hi-power calibre."

"Bullet Effective range: 100 metres:

"Weight: 2.1 kg."

"Length: 450mm"

"Magazine capacity (2 rounds) (manual reload)"

(ED: The S&W M500 has capacity for 5 rounds, this one is damaged) "Equiping condition: Strength must be 7 points."

"Attack speed: 8 seconds/round, super slow, reloading time extremely slow: 15 seconds. (Manual load)"

“Pistol classification and additional function: Shooting accuracy: 10. Shooting distance – 10.”

“Equipment battle score:9”

“Evaluation: Possessing it can help you conquer the world – If this weapon had a normal shooting speed.”

“Equipment cannot be brought out of this world.”

This pistol’s devastating power left Sheyan a little surprised, reaching a high of 95 points of damage, which meant that he could only receive two shots from it. However this pistol’s low attack speed, low capacity and low loading speed demands a lot from the user.

Sheyan then picked up another weapon, a shotgun.

Italy SPAS 15 MIL Combat shotgun.” (Class: Ordinary)
(ED:Is based on the Franchi SPAS 12 if anybody wanted to know) “Made in: Italy IK Company.”

“Equipment rarity: White.”

“Equipment position: Hand, Weapon.”

“At 8 Metres attack power: 68-678
8-20 metres attack power: 35-45
20-40 metres attack power: 27-37.”

“Material: Nickel, chromium and steel plate, classic spray mix with phosphorous “Additional installations: Grenade Launcher (damaged).”

“Ammunition: Military, Police both connected.”
(TN: It literally says military, police both connected I got no idea what ammo it is)
(ED: The SPAS 12 uses 12 gauge cartridges with 2.75 inch shells so I guess that’s what it should be) “Bullet effective range: 40 Metres.”

“Similar calibre tear gas grenade and over calibre explosive grenade: 150 Meters (Manually load before use).”
”

“Weight: 3.9 Kg.”

“Length: 915mm”

“Magazine capacity (6 rounds)”

“Attack speed: Fast, 1 round/ second, may reload anytime.”

“Full capacity Reloading speed: Slow, 8 seconds”

“Equiping condition: Strength must be 8 points.”

“Shotgun additional Specifications: Within 8 meters, person hit will be blown back on impact. Firepower beyond 20 meters is greatly weakened” (Weapon will weaken upon leaving this world) “ Additional specifications: Within 8 meters, a hit will cause 3-5 seconds of stunned effect. Movement and attack speed dropped by 60.” (Weapon will weaken upon leaving this world) “Evaluation: This weapon will be extremely useful.”

“Equipment battle score: 9”

“Equipment cannot be brought out of this world.”

Note: Equipment grading in the books:

Grey

(TN: This is not the equipment rarity, different from the description below as well) White (Common), Light blue (1 bonus attribute), Dark blue (1-2 Bonus attribute), Black (1-2 Bonus attribute, 0-1 passive ability) Silver type Equipment (Unique boss loot, possessing uniquely strong attribute)/ Green Equipment (Set items), Light green Equipment (Maturing weapon)/ Golden type Weapon.

(White type equipments like the rest can have additional attributes, however it will be a common attribute meaning that all equipments of the same kind will possess this attribute. For example, all shotguns will have the same special attribute, that is why in rare scenarios, a white grade equipment may be better than a dark blue equipment.)

(TN: A shotgun’s stunning and slowing attribute may be better than a dark blue grade normal pistol with an additional slowing attribute) “How much for these two items little girl?”

After looking at the selection of guns, Sheyan realized these two pairs of guns are what he need the most. He pointed at the two M500 Pistols and the shotgun, as he spoke in an unconventional tone.

That woman's expression was resentful, seizing back the guns as she said: "It's Ms Katrina, if you call me a girl again, then don't blame me for stuffing these two weapons up your detestable mouth and blowing your brains off! 5000 dollars!"

It was obvious this woman was testing her customer with an awfully high price, even if the weapons were brand new, the military market price was only probably at a maximum of 4000 dollars. These two already partially damaged old goods actually sold for 5000 bucks. Sheyan folded his arms on his chest, coldly arguing back: "The pistol's magazine is partially spoilt, only fitting two rounds, even worse the shotgun's grenade launcher is completely broken, how could these pieces of junk be so expensive?"

Katrina immediately replied sarcastically:

"You're an idiot, using a grenade launcher in the streets of Los Angeles? Are you looking to die? If you don't want to buy then f**k off."

Obviously this woman was still resentful over Sheyan's previous rejection. As Sheyan was about to reply, the back door swung open once again and two people emerged. The one leading the way looked quite similar to the Mohawk guy, he should be one of the brokers. Another was a medium sized black man, his hairstyle was the trendy pigtail, and he had quite muscular arms giving a buff look. His eyes were extremely small as if they were permanently closed, but had a radiating gaze giving one the feeling of shrewd and capable person.

"This is Mr Cazider." The broker was beaming brightly and said: "He is here to purchase several personal protection items"

This broker obviously had several benefits to gain from Mr Cazider, which explained his enthusiasm. Sheyan also noticed another point, after Mr Cazider had entered, he similarly begin eyeing the shotguns on display!

"Is this fella another contestant?" Sheyan's heart was pondering this notion. His expression remained, but had already taken two steps back into the nearby shadow to make himself less noticeable. Cazider's gaze was on the dazzling line-up atop the counter, looking intently, he finally examined Sheyan's guns with his hand. Looking pretty satisfied he said: "How much for these two guns? I want them both."

Katrina coldly replied:

“6000 dollars.”

Without hesitation, Cazider fished out a thick stack of dollar notes intending to pay up. Standing at the side, Sheyan understood that this guy did not resort to diversionary tactics like himself, but actually had tens of thousands on him! Sheyan’s eyes flickered faintly with radiation, immediately shouting out: “Wait, I saw these two guns first.”

“Katrina looked at him with disdain and spoke:

“Village kid, over here we are not particular on who comes first but it is all about who produces the cash.”

Sheyan spoke softly:

“Very well, I offer 7000 dollars.”

:

Katrina turned around, shrugging her shoulders at Cazider, her body language was very clear. Cazider remained expressionless: “Ten thousand dollars.”

Although Sheyan was hard pressed for cash, after experiences in his previous world, he immediately imitated the wealthy buyers in his previous world as he replied with unconcern.

“Twenty thousand dollars.”

Cazider calm replied: “Thirty thousand dollars.”

“Sheyan replied instantaneously:

“Fifty thousand dollars.”

Cazider’s face darken, he had fifty thousand dollars, however his opposition’s relentless bidding gave his firm hard a deal of pressure. That could mean that his opposition was extremely confident in his financial abilities! 50 thousand dollars was also nearing Cazider’s financial limitations. On him right now, there was only 80 thousand dollars!

The atmosphere became extremely awkward, Sheyan’s heart was throbbing. This feeling was hard to explain, it was as though something was piercing his chest causing his heart to feel a sense of palpitation. Almost immediately, Cazider swiftly pulled out a pistol from the hood of his coat, aiming with it!

Boom!

Cazider's action was very swift and precise, as if he could put on a performance in front of an audience. As the gunfire emerged from the muzzle, holes appeared on Sheyan's clothings on the left of his chest, he had consecutively took three shots!

Sheyan's face was filled with shock and disbelief, clutching his chest he retreated several steps, eventually slamming to the ground backwards and remained motionless. Crimson red blood flowed out slowly through the finger holes on his coat, giving it an awful jam color.

Obviously, this punk Cazider had managed to slip past the body check and hid his pistol inside his hood. After murdering Sheyan, he did not take any further actions, facing Katrina and shook his head. Calmly, he used a thick nasal english accent to speak: "Anyone who is a hindrance will face the same consequences, hand over the ammunition."

Looking at his actions, killing was as simple as eating and drinking to him, he probably already stained his hands greatly beforehand. This place was a secret arms shop, very naturally they would not place the ammunition together. Very often those people that bought from the black market were poor and vicious, and were likely to use the shop's own weapons against it. With a gun pointing at her, Katrina remained fearless, staring at the pistol within Cazider's grip she gritted her teeth and said: "This bastard snitch!"

Carousal nightclub had the means to open an underground arms market, they were definitely experienced in working in the white and black of society. Hearing gunshots, the huge bodyguards came rushing, as Mohawk and the other broker also pulled out their daggers. Not minding their enemy's pistol one bit, they rushed forward with killing intent!

Chapter 8

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Chapter 8: Refracted death

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:Elkassar

Facing the sudden charge of the two hostiles, Cazider did not panic, in a moment he swung a kick at Mohawk's lower abdomen, and Mohawk was thrown back a few steps bending over in exasperation. At the same time, Cazider swung the pistol on his right hand in a curved arc movement, firing off two gunshots.

The two man rushing in from the door were hit by the shot, collapsing as the shot landed on their heart!

The first time is luck,the second may be coincidence, but the third was certain!

What gun skills!

Cazider's expression remained cold as if he had only stomped on two helpless ants. Footsteps could be heard from the outside, it was obviously more gangster reinforcements, however Cazider was unfazed. Reloading his revolver, he raised it up afterwards to take aim as the footsteps became louder and nearer.

What was strange is that he actually aimed at the wall without a target!

"Boom boom boom boom!"

Cazider remained cool as he consecutively fired off 4 gunshots, gun powder fumes filled the air. The four gun shots landed on the opposite wall forming a shallow concave depression, but yet from the outside cries and the sound of bodies could be heard thumping on the floor. The nearby Katrina was shocked into a daze, in front of her very eyes, this man was actually using angled shots as well as successfully slaughtering people behind concrete walls.

"Hmph." An ugly smile formed on Cazider's face as he turned to look at Katrina. Coldly he said: "I will give you 10 seconds, if I still do not receive the ammunition, I promise I will stain the wall behind you with your brain juice and

blood!”

Katrina’s expression had turned green, she understood that if she handed over the ammunition, what awaited her was the unimaginable punishments from the organization. However the immediate threat was this Cazider who mercilessly gunned down 5 men. She was a broad-minded woman, very quickly she fetched out 40 8.38mm single softshell shotgun ammunition, and also 20 rounds of M500 Magnum Hi-power ammo.

After receiving the hi-power ammunition and weapons, Cazider was not in a rush to use them as his individual pistol was enough to deal with these thugs. Placing the weapons and ammunition into his bag, he prepared to walk out but suddenly remembered something.

That thing was money.

This was the 1984 AD, in the economically flourishing Los Angeles, California, cash was the primary payment method, credit cards were not in great use yet. Also, American underground societies were not so advanced that they utilized advance payment methods like credit cards or IT solutions. Therefore in Cazider’s heart, the Sheyan would dared to start such an intense bidding war with him definitely held onto large amounts of cash.

Nobody would despise having more money.

Cazider walked towards the ‘corpse’ of Sheyan, eyeing Sheyan’s bulging coat pocket, he walked quickly and fearlessly as he was extremely confident in his gun skills – Nobody could receive a gunshot to his heart and not die, not even if he was wearing a bulletproof vest.

Just when Cazider reached his hand into Sheyan’s coat, he witnessed an incoming fist as it smash heavily onto his face!

This fist not only contained immense power, but caught him off guard. In this flustered moment, his only wish was to immediately distance himself! But how could Sheyan give him this opportunity, giving off beastly roar, coiling his sturdy arms around him, tightly binding Cazider up. Then he violently smashed his own head against Cazider’s nose bridge!

A person’s forehead was naturally one of the hardest parts of the human body,

this coupled with Sheyan's high strength of 12 points brought antagonizing pain to Cazider. Upon listening to his nose bridge piercing into his own facial bone, he gave out a miserable shriek. Loads of blood flowed out through his nostrils, in his vision was a fuzzy swollen pain. Sheyan was relentless, moving to the back of Cazider, pounding his head down repeatedly. Grabbing onto Cazider's shoulder with his right hand, raising up a nearby stool with his left, he aimed towards the back of his opponent's head.

If Sheyan could land this attack, the unfortunate Cazider would at least be, stunned or even faint, and there was a slight possibility of death. However it was at this moment, that Cazider frantically roared turning around hitting against Sheyan's face, as a distinct snapping sound echoed in the room! With Sheyan's tight and immovable grip onto this shoulder, by making such a sudden movement, his right shoulder dislocated!

Sheyan never expected Cazider's sudden outburst, he himself had been stunned from the blow! Cazider used this opportunity to escape Sheyan's control, as he jumped forward in midair, managing to spin his body around unsteadily as he aimed coldly and intensely with his revolver!

Sheyan's agility wasn't high, he was far from being able to successfully dodge a bullet. However this didn't represent that he would just be a sitting duck. Sheyan had felt his adrenaline surging, giving him a strange piercing feeling when Cazider broke free from him. This was probably due to his high perceptive sensing, as he dived to the right without hesitation, using the helpless Katrina on his right as his human shield!

"Boom!" Katrina moaned, her expression was lifeless, and a bloodied small hole formed on her forehead, but at the back of the head was a gigantic black hole. Her blood and brain juice sprayed onto Sheyan's entire body. That feeling of warmth cruelty was chilling to the bones, this sort of sick scene was something that Sheyan had not experienced before causing him to be slightly distracted. Seizing this opportunity, Cazider fled out through the door.

As Cazider dragged himself along the wall panting heavily, he could feel his pain reducing by at least 70 percent already. However his right shoulder and nose still experienced a throbbing pain causing his body to shiver in agony. A flustered feeling came across his body.

“That damned pest actually dared to sneakily take me down, I will kill him, I will kill him!”

Cazider gritted his teeth speaking to himself, using the time now to reload his revolver as the barrel still emitted smoke. It has already been two minutes, but that damned contestant had not shown any intention to chase up. Behind Cazider, along the corridor, 5 of the gangsters were lying motionlessly on the floor, dyeing the corridor red with their blood.

Suddenly the door swung open! A shadow charged out, but Cazider remained steady. As the the number 1 gunman in Afghan from the real world, he could obviously tell that was just a corpse that had been thrown out. Ever since entering the nightmare realm, he had the lvl 4 Basic Long Range Combat ability, and even had a frightening “Refraction shot (Passive)” innate ability. Therefore in this field of battle, Cazider had great confidence of achieving victory.

As the corpse was thrown to the ground, Sheyan charged out fiercely, barely covering his face with his right hand – Since his tactic was not effective, he could only charge.

Cazider coldly laughed, to his knowledge, Sheyan was just wearing a bulletproof vest. His forte was his lvl 4 long range combat ability, giving him a stability of over 90 percent when firing, as though he had unparalleled accuracy hitting wherever he aimed.

Gunshots exploded out, Cazider released 6 bullets in a moment, two shots landed on Sheyan’s leg joints, the other four shots left a trail of dust as it flew against the floor/wall, as it refracted from a weird angle viciously heading for Sheyan’s throat, crotch and both temples.

Within Cazider’s calculations, Sheyan did not dodge because he simply could not! “ Pu Pu Pu” these sounds brought unmatched comfort to Cazider’s ears, which was the sound of the bullet entering a human’s flesh.

“Pui! Killing him quickly with a gun is letting him off easily!” Cazider hatefully thought to himself. If this was the real world, the cruel Cazider would have slowly broken Sheyan’s bones one by one before leaving him in the desert to die. A healthy 100 plus kg person would groan for three days before finally dying in that sort of environment.

However Cazider's eyeballs widened as if they were going to pop out, the person standing in front of him did not collapse like he was expecting him to. His speed did not lessen but instead increased, underneath his torn clothes one could clearly see: a few bloodied deformed bullets was forcefully pushed out from within the bulky muscles, finally dropping to the floor!

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Chapter 9

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Chapter 9: Desperate state!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

“Don’t tell me that guy is the damned Terminator?!” Cazider suddenly had a fearful thought. However he immediately shook his head in rejection. That was because the Terminator was a cold killing machine and had no capabilities of human feelings, why would he be affected when that woman’s head got blown apart?

Thinking up to here, a cunning smile appeared on Cazider’s face, tossing away his revolver, utilizing a standard tactics maneuver, he turned and leapt backwards for about 5-6 meters, disappearing into another corridor.

Left in his place was an already triggered grenade!

Sheyan’s pupils shrank. Previously he wasn’t afraid of Cazider’s assault because of effects of his innate ability “Endurance”. Cazider’s choice of weapon was only a common revolver, this wasn’t a military grade weapon and it was primarily designed to threaten not to kill. Also, Cazider’s ability to refract his shot would also slow down the flying projectile and weaken its damage potential.

However this did not mean that Sheyan could be carefree, the higher damage output from an opponent, the less his innate ability could protect him against. He was expecting a grenade’s explosion firepower to be much higher than a shotgun’s damage potential from near range. That is why, faced with this scenario, he did not dare to charge in recklessly, he could only retreat!

“BOOM” a deafening explosion ensued as thick smoke engulfed the area. The surface and surrounding area were blown into bits. Logically speaking, Sheyan should have immediately pursued Cazider. However, he waited for a full 5 minutes before rushing out, bringing along with him a blown out piece of wooden board, shielding his entire body.

As expected, 3 bullets accurately flew in, aiming for Sheyan's eyes. Regrettably, they all landed on that thick piece of wood instead. Cazider panicked, turning around to escape into a nearby corridor. Without hesitation, Sheyan chased after him.

Looking at the decor of the corridor, this place is mostly probably a KTV (Karaoke) lounge sector. Of course, the Carousal nightclub organization wouldn't be running an honest KTV business. This place was often used as a trading ground for illegal drug peddlers and buyers, and sometimes for wealthy customers to consume drugs. It was extremely profitable and brought them generous earnings.

The entire corridor was well decorated and unidirectional, approximately only 15 meters in length and had eight rooms along both sides of the corridor. Sheyan did not bother to be cautious as he begun searching each room. In such a small area, a person with long range combat abilities was at an extreme disadvantage. Being able to force him into this environment, Sheyan had already achieved dominance.

As Sheyan began searching the third room, upon pushing open the door he felt a huge wave of chill coming over his entire body. This was obviously his perceptive sensing in play, as he suddenly heard a "Pop" sound as something landed on the carpet behind the door.

If Sheyan was a combat specialist with immense fighting experience, then he would be able to react to what had just happened. It was obvious that Cazider had craftily constructed an explosive booby trap behind the door. However, it was at this crucial moment that the lack of experience caused Sheyan to not react and dodge in time.

"BOOM". Sheyan was still holding onto the wooden board but felt an irresistible impact against him as he was blasted backwards. His calf felt a searing unbearable pain, it was obvious that the parts that the wooden board was unable to cover had sustained heavy damage.

At this moment, the last room of the corridor swung open, as Cazider dived out of the room tactically, his eyes emitted a chilling and murderous glare. Although he was only able to utilize one hand, his other hand aiming with his

weapon was extremely stable and firm.

What was even scarier was the gun Cazider was holding on to, it was actually the matchless hi-power M500 pistol! As the explosion threw Sheyan off, he appeared at his most vulnerable state, giving off a poisonous snake like aura filled with killing intent!

As smoke engulfed the air, Sheyan's vision was totally obstructed, however he felt a strange and immeasurably deadly pressure forcing in from his right eye, causing a choking sensation. At this moment he understood his perceptive sensing was in play, as if foreshadowing a dreadful attack from his right side. Immediately he pushed backwards with whatever strength he had left in his legs, simultaneously trying his best to use his right arm to cover his head!

"BOOM" The sound wasn't very loud, however it was filled with an indescribable penetrative force, anyone that heard it would shudder in fear. In a flash, Sheyan felt his right arm go numb, followed by a ridiculously hard impact crashing against his forehead, his vision momentarily blackened as his body was thrown to the left from the impact.

"You have been hit on the head by a 0.50 magnum Hi-power calibre bullet! Total damage of (127 – 25) points received!"

"Your head sustained damage outstripping more than a $\frac{1}{3}$ of your HP! You will experience a severe loss of bodily functions."

"In the remaining 30 seconds, you will receive 45 points of damage due to excessive blood loss. This injury is not due to external factors, thus it is unaffected by your endurance ability."

Although the attack power of the M500 was supposed to be 95 points, Cazider's agility and passive ability must still be calculated, therefore amounting to a huge 127 points of damage. A gun's threatening power was closely similar to a beer bottle smashing onto the head, that is why Sheyan protected his head from the impending attack!

The pain from the head was unbearable, it caused exceptional dizziness, loss of vision and slight buzzing in the ears. Sheyan heavily collapsed to the ground. Rolling back violently, Sheyan's hand actually managed to knock open one of the nearby doors then he dived in for cover. Taking a few deep breaths, forcefully

containing his disoriented state, he reached out to touch the top of his head as he breathed in a mouthful of cold air.

This gunshot with matchless ferocity had lodged onto Sheyan's forehead, but because of a favourable angle it luckily was directed upwards upon impact. A huge chunk of meat had been torn from the top of his head, causing internal bleeding into the back of his brain! It even exposed a huge patch his white skull, as a distinct crack could be seen on it!

If not for his higher than average life points, coupled with his innate ability lowering the damage, this one shot would have cause extremely fatal damages to his head even if it did not blow his brains in half.

Thick fresh blood was spurting out, smearing all over Sheyan's face giving an awfully miserable look. An acute pain surged within him, as blood dripped from his eyes, nose and ears. Shutting his eyes, panting heavily behind the wall he endured the seemingly unbearable pain and dragged the sofa within the room to act as cover.

In this manner, even if Cazider utilized his refraction ability, the threat would be considerably lowered. Even if it was the 0.50 Magnum's hi-powered projectile, its damaging capabilities would greatly drop after passing through objects especially after passing through this thick sofa.

Both parties were caught in a deadlock, Sheyan did not dare to go out, while Cazider was afraid of going near the room – his broken nose and shoulder were still supplying immense pain throughout his body reminding him of close combat consequences. It was at this time, furious cursing could be heard from the outside, it should be the underground thugs coming to check on the ruckus. However, after a few short anti-climatic gunshots, the place remained deathly silent. Obviously Cazier had utilized another gun and indifferently added a few more people to his casualty list.

Grasping this golden opportunity, Sheyan started moving everything in the room – the television, cabinets etc around him, constructing a mini fort as if he was going to lock himself up forever. After a few minutes, a faint burning smell filled his nostrils, followed by crackling sounds, he unconsciously spoke out:

“A fire?”

At this moment a chilling evil tone called out:

“It’s not just a fire, it is intentionally created by me.”

The only one who could say this, was definitely the highly skilled gunman Cazider.

“You are now caught in my trap, there are only two choices, one is to be burned alive in the fire, the other is to come out obediently like a dog and get shot down by me. Which will you choose? This is the second basement floor, unless you are a rat, fleeing is impossible. Unless you are still waiting in vain for someone to save you.”

Faced with the enemy’s provocation, Sheyan remained silent leaving one the feeling of being as stubborn as a rock completely treating Cazider’s word like a fart. This corridor was decorated luxuriously, the materials used were highly flammable. Cazider only utilized a small spark to bring about a huge blaze, swallowing up the entire corridor, furiously licking up what was in its path.

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Chapter 10

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Chapter 10: Counterattack

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

Time was running out, after just a few minutes, the entire corridor was burning up, producing thick greyish smog. Although the flames still had to cover a short distance before reaching Sheyan, the heat had already permeated through to the inside, enveloping the entire area.

At this moment, the seemingly powerless Sheyan who was leaning against the wall licked the corner of his mouth, where there was a big patch of purplish black blood. A fishy taste spread through the entire tongue.

That was the taste of blood!

His originally disorganized expression suddenly sharpened, and a slight smile escaped his lips. This sort of expression should not be appearing on a person that was at the brink of death. It was the gleeful expression of a hunter who had spent years of hunting his prey and had just caught it.

“Your gun skills are really precise.”

Sheyan suddenly raised his voice. Although his injuries weren't light, his health regeneration was fairly high. After resting for a while he became energized, his words were extremely clear, he was speaking clearly and loudly amidst the crackling blaze.

“I already made a call at the start.”

Hearing it, Cazider furiously laughed, making a call in this Terminator world? Who can he call, is it a superhero in underpants fighting for justice? Furthermore this guy speaks without reasoning, maybe he already understands his fate and is now spouting rubbish? However he listened as Sheyan continued:

“Do you remember the first time you used a grenade to escape? My strength is

12 points, I could easily use a door to shield me exhausting only a few additional seconds. However i took an entire 5 minutes, that was when I made the call.”

The fire was spreading rapidly, and had already reached the room Sheyan was in, the choking smoke engulfed the area but the real danger were the flames. However at this moment Sheyan seemed very carefree, and even explained in details to the disbelieving Cazider about his own phonecall.

Cazider didn't reply, sneering he felt that he had completely exposed Sheyan's plan – that was to casually spout nonsense in order to distract him, and finally rush out to counterattack. Currently, the situation was dire, if Sheyan did not run out now he would be burned alive, rushing out still presented a thread of hope.

This cold blooded killer laughed gently, holding onto his M500 pistol he aimed at the entrance of the room now covered with thick smog. Beside him he also placed a fully loading shotgun. With Cazider's out of this world gun skills, once Sheyan rushed out, what awaited him was a greeting of painful assault. Even if he managed to reach Cazider, there was still a shotgun which thrived in close range. Under this sort of dual pronged assault, even if Sheyan doesn't perish he will become crippled!

Yet Sheyan had no intention of rushing out.

With a face full of blood he leaned against the wall, looking with a somewhat frivolous and mocking expression, he laughed as he spoke. The meaning of his words were akin to a fisherman when he is casting his net, at first glance it looked like a worn out tattered net but was actually a heavenly net.

“My call was made to the Los Angeles police department.”

Cazider was originally focusing completely on aiming at the entrance on guard against Sheyan escaping, but after hearing Los Angeles police department these words, he suddenly turned nervous even getting a strong wanting to urine sensation in his bladder!

“Boom!” At the same time the M500 in his hands suddenly misfired! This kind of basic mistake was only committed by new recruits, such was the impact of Sheyan's words on Cazider!

‘Beforehand I witnessed a live broadcast on television, a supermarket robber contestant was overly arrogant and was finished off by the Delta anti-terror task force. Furthermore the broadcast did not mention the whereabouts of the stolen goods – Is it because they were worried the tv station would flaunt the total amount of stolen goods, why would Los Angeles station miss out on this point? Obviously they didn’t managed to find it! If they found the stolen loot, then the government would certainly broadcast the police’s success to appease their citizens.

“At that time i was deliberating, robbing the supermarket may not necessarily be just one guy. Going by logic, one person would be outrightly staging the robbery while another would support in the shadows. Haha, that unfortunate guy, although his speed was fast, his thinking was flawed, braving all the danger only to let his accomplice bag the entire loot by himself.”

Presently Sheyan’s body was still not within the fire, but although the flames were only 5-6 metres away, he seemed extremely calm and assured. As though he was under a small shade in the summer still away from the blaze, and even had an occasional cooling wind blowing in his direction. On the contrary, on the outside, Cazider was in a state of panic, sweat beads dripping from his forehead, gritting his teeth he was like an ant on top of a hotpot.

“When i just entered this world, I only had 10 dollars on hand. Thinking of a solution but using a slightly unethical method, I could only manage to earn a few thousand dollars. Yet you are able to produce tens of thousands just to fight over a gun! You take me for a fool and a pushover? If you are not a contestant, then i wouldn’t mind this sort of provocation which broke out into a robbery (Speaking about the initial bidding for the gun). But if you are a contestant, then the origin of your money is definitely not legit!”

“Of course, this doesn’t eliminate the possibility of you striking a lottery and winning a fortune, however why would that woman without hesitation call you a snitch? It was because she recognized the revolver in your hand to be that of the police! Haha, a contestant that brings around his cash as well as a police revolver – That is why i can confirm, you are that accomplice to the supermarket robbery! Initially I was hoping that you would not vie with me for that shotgun, but you actually dared to go against the rules and open fire! Then don’t blame me for

being vicious!”

“Also, the reason you dared to lawlessly murder everyone, was because you determined that the underground society thugs would not call the police no matter how grave was the situation.” Sheyan looked at the nearby raging flames and the rolling grey fumes, he raised his voice in a crazy laughter:

“Yet you would never expect, I fulfilled my responsibility as a good citizen, reporting to the police that presently there was a vicious and merciless criminal possessing a police revolver and using it for murder and personal gains!”

After Sheyan spoke, he stood up, he unzipped his pants and peed onto the nearby window curtain. Afterward he then tore down the dam curtain, covering his nose with it, he immediately lowered his body and rushing out of the entrance and into the sea of fire!

To an ordinary person, this sea of flames would send one to heaven, but to a contestant like Sheyan, it was just superficial burns and injuries. “Peng!” Sheyan heavily banged open the flaming door, flames blazing everywhere, seizing the chance he rolled and took cover behind a nearby corner.

This action, was meant to extinguish the flames on his body, and also to try and dodge any incoming attacks. When Sheyan raised his head, he was a completely empty corridor and stairs, where the originally camping Cazider stood was an empty space.

“Trying to leave now is too late already.”

Sheyan’s face currently exhibited a scheming smile. If he wasn’t fully certain, how could he release the news of reporting to the police? Killing and impersonating the police is one of the most severe crimes, naturally it would be number one on the police’s priority list, once they had a lead they would immediately set off.

It was already nearing 20 minutes since he reported, there should already be a crowd of policeman cordoning off the entire place. Furthermore, when Sheyan reported to the police, he had also leaked information on Cazider’s appearance. Hence it was impossible for Cazider to escape from the police with such a strong lead.

Cazider was pressed into a dilemma, he did not have an innate ability like Sheyan's "Endurance" to protect him from incoming attacks. If he were to get caught in a crossfire, he would definitely perish!

Therefore if he wanted to escape he had to massacre his way out. Initially he had already killed several policeman, if he were to continue his mindless slaughter, he would very possibly cross the boundary and trigger the worse outcome. That outcome was the Delta anti-terror task force, likewise he would be finished!

Presently, the sounds of gunfire filled the dense air, as Cazider had already started exchanging blows with the police. However the gunshots faded down as if both sides had reached a standstill. Sheyan was not in hurry to leave, but first examined the wounds on his body and let them recover a little before deciding.

After a series of examinations, Sheyan realized the astonishing speed of a contestant's health regeneration. Although the wound atop his forehead looked awful, it had already stopped bleeding, leaving just a slight headache. This should be because his brain abnormalities had not completely recovered. The wounds sustained on his arms were not even painful or had any abnormal effects, the bleeding had completely stopped, much less to say of his other superficial wounds. Of course, if he had entered a state of near death through his injuries, his regenerative powers would greatly weaken.

Waiting for the appropriate timing, where the gunshots had ceased but it was still very disorderly outside. Sheyan decided not to wash off his bloodied face, as he clumsily ran out frantically shouting out: "Help!". Only once he caught the attention of the policemen outside who were still in an alert position, raising their pistols, did he pretend to collapse. Gasping for air, he perfectly imitated a cowardly hostage stumbling out of the hostile zone.

chapter 11

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Chapter 11: If you're not dead, I won't feel safe!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

The police here were very vigilant, watching Sheyan struggling for help, they searched his body for any weapons before supporting him up. Sheyan was panting heavily, shivering as he shut his eyes tightly pretending to be terribly anxious about his surroundings. He realized the police mobilization far exceeded his expectations, not only were there numerous large and small police cars, in mid air were 3 police choppers shining their glaring spotlight down from the night sky.

Because there were huge amounts of casualties, the police set up a first aid district around two ambulances. The people sent there were mostly people who were trampled on amidst the chaos, they were shocked to a stupor, while only about one-third suffered from gunshot wounds.

Sheyan's injuries appeared to be very serious, hence he was given priority treatment from the medics. From the start he had only been hostile toward people from the underground organizations, hence he wasn't afraid of the police interrogating or searching up on him. At this moment, two heavily injured policemen were carried in, one had a gunshot to his chest, one had broken his left leg. These two Los angeles policemen did not look very good, in their pain they angrily cursed out "That damned bastard inside!"

One after the other, 7-8 other policemen in need of aid were sent here, all of them sustained non-fatal gunshot injuries and were unable to carry on their duties. Some had a stubborn character and complained and cursed repeatedly, while some remained pale and silent as though they were still fearful – these wounds were obviously inflicted by Cazider. Under his insane gun skills and viciousness, these policemen were scared stiff. They were hoping for the Delta anti-terror task force to arrive.

Sheyan looked up at the hovering helicopter and sneered. This Los Angeles police mobilization, adding onto the leaked information on his appearance, how would Cazider be able to escape this huge mass of police forces? However, very quickly, a policeman still bleeding from his arm having just been relieved from his burdensome duties, hatefully complained:

“Guys, that damned lunatic has finally been captured. That bastard actually lasted so long even taking 3 shots before fainting, who knows how much drugs he took!”

Sheyan’s pupils shrunk, Cazider’s surrender was outside of his expectations, however thinking deeper it made sense. To Cazider, this sort of situation where both fighting and not fighting would not make a difference, unable to escape, surrendering was his only way of surviving. However Sheyan knew, fainting from heavy injuries was a trick, once Cazider was transported to the hospital by the ambulance, how would the police mobilize another huge task force and even the three choppers to watch over him? Chances of escaping would be plentiful then.

If Cazider remained alive, Sheyan naturally would have an enemy as horrifying as a poisonous snake! Furthermore this brat used long range combat attacks, he had to live in constant fear daily of such a guy. Sheyan’s heart gradually felt a slight chill, as if an ice cube was lodged somewhere in his body. Therefore, Cazider must die! In a moment, Sheyan gazed at the faraway ambulance with a frozen murderous expression as though a flame was ascending.

After the place stabilized, the casualties would naturally be sent to the hospital for treatment. Sheyan’s body sustained gunshot wounds, following regulations, he had to be brought to the police station to record his statement. Only Sheyan was extremely crafty, his mind was clear but he pretended he was still in a semi-conscious nauseous state. To anyone questioning him, he would reply he had a splitting headache, his head injury looked very serious, so even with this behavior nobody suspected him. After reaching the hospital and letting the doctor examine him, they could only diagnose he suffered from severe cerebral concussion. Injecting him with a calming dosage and putting him on IV drip they allowed him to rest in a hospital room placed under further observation.

Following this large scale police mobilization, there were plenty of casualties, it was already late at night when they were sent to the hospital. Therefore the

doctors on shift were extremely busy, working tirelessly until 2-3 am before stopping. Sheyan's single room only had a lone policeman guarding it, he was also in charged of the entire stretch of corridor spanning 20 rooms. This policeman also participated in the night operation and was lucky not be injured, however he was extremely fatigued, dozing off dozens of time while sitting down. However, Cazider was enjoying a president suite room, his room had a layer of protection preventing him from leaving, and had 15 policemen guarding it. The external environment was extremely vigilant, and very strict.

However when the clock struck 4 am, Sheyan suddenly opened his eyes, removing his IV drip he tiptoed into the corridor. The on guard policeman was currently in quite a deep sleep, glancing to his left and right, reaching out his hand he grabbed the policeman's neck dragging him into the nearby storeroom. At this moment, Sheyan received a notification from his nightmare imprint:

“You attacked a Los Angeles policeman, your crime index in this terminal world has increased by 10, your current crime index is 10.”

Sheyan slightly stumbled, however he did not dwell on it as he concentrated on dealing with this policeman. Under the pressure of his immense strength of twice an average person, that poor policeman struggled frantically as his face turned purple, not being able let out a sound. Until his eyeballs rolled back as if he was about to faint did Sheyan loosen his grip as he whispered in his ears:

“Mr Policeman, I have no ill intention towards the police force, however that damned lunatic above smeared our place with the blood and brains of my fellow comrades, I will not allow him to go to jail so easily! I want his F**king life! If you obediently corporate, i swear on my ancestor's name that i will not harm any innocent person!”

Cazider and his comrade had killed at least 20 Los Angeles policemen. Some of the policemen had good friends who suffered heavy gun injuries. Hence, that unfortunate policeman naturally harbored a grudge against Cazider, after hearing Sheyan's goal, his sunken face remained silent. His actions however became cooperative as he relaxed and took off his police uniform lying on a patient bed, willingly letting Sheyan knock him out cold.

At this moment Sheyan then inquired of his crime index again, however the

nightmare imprint simply replied in a few words:

Every time you violate the law, your crime index will increase.

Crime index determines how the police treats you. Consequently, it increases your chance of encountering the police, being interrogated or searched by them.

Crime index will reduce over time, the higher the crime index, the slower it reduces.

Although the information wasn't much, Sheyan had obtained several pointers and conclusion. For example a person with high crime index, that degree of assault from the police was be very high. Just like that dead contestant no. 844, his crime index must have been red hot in order to trigger the Delta anti-terror task force. Similarly, Cazider belonged to the same level of crime index, once the police received news they will immediately mobilize. Although Sheyan's crime index had increased, however his crime index was still far from the level of being wanted.

After a deep sleep, Sheyan felt that his strength has recovered completely. Heading to the washroom to wash the blood stains off his face and body, he segun to survey the hospital. Preparing a few tactics, he lowered his police cap, and proceeded upwards.

The policemen that kept watch could naturally obtain primary news. Cazider's accomplice had been gunned down already, furthermore he had no relation to any Los Angeles' underground organizations, therefore the policemen were quite relaxed. They did not think anyone would try to rescue him from the outside.

The heavily injured Cazider was handcuffed to his bed, even in the ambulance he was under strict control, as such even in his bedroom he had two policemen carefully observing him. Once there were changes they would immediately report! Under normal circumstances, even if Cazider had wings he would be unable to fly. (Chinese idiom it just means he cannot escape)

4 am in the early morning, the surroundings silent and peaceful, one could even hear the sound of the clock ticking. Sheyan's heart was slightly distracted, however he continued prancing forward with his footsteps synchronized to his breathing. Calming himself down, he walked towards the corridor that beheld Cazider's room.

The corridor had 4 policemen, all of them dozing off as they leaned against their seats. A huge bearded policeman was snoring loudly. The air was chilly, as goosebumps had formed on their skin, beside them were empty coffee stained cups. Sheyan entered this world with much fear and trepidation, however after several battles, he realized he had become as calm and comfortable like a fish in the water. As such he remained steady using light footsteps as he slowly inched forward without anyone noticing him.

However, when he reached the entrance he heard chatter – obviously the policemen inside were wide awake – to the Cazider who possessed terrifying capabilities, the police did not dare to loosen their guard.

Sheyan then placed his hands on the door, lightly pushing it open. A piercing sterile odour surged into his nostrils, the room lights remained rather bright as two vigilant policemen came over. Holding onto their pistol holsters, they released their grip after seeing the police uniform Sheyan was wearing.

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chapter 12

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Chapter 12: Temptation

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

“Sorry...” Said Sheyan in a low voice, locking the door behind him. The two policemen did not understand, and asked curiously: “What?”

Sheyan inched closer to one of the policeman, and smashed his knee onto the policeman’s belly! The policeman groaned in pain, however his training had allowed him to withstand the pain, counterattacking, he swung a punch at his enemy’s chin.

Normally, the receiving party would cover his face and dodge backwards, however, the cruel reality was: His enemy just lightly shrugged his head upon impact, immediately smashing down on this policeman’s head causing him to faint.

Although Sheyan could still be considered a rookie in combat, full of openings, his innate ability allowed him to ensure his enemy’s close combat abilities were greatly weakened, giving him an unfair advantage!

After realizing something was wrong, the other policeman immediately retrieved his pistol. However, Sheyan swung his left leg, kicking a nearby stool, it flew with such impact one could hear the whirring sound of the wind. The policeman immediately dodged as the stool crashed onto the wall smashing into several bits, yet he continued to maintain a steady posture taking aim with his pistol. But Sheyan had already arrived in front of him using his hand to strangle this policeman, forcefully pinning him onto the wall!

The policeman slumped down the wall onto the ground like mud . Learning a lesson from Cazider, Sheyan did not dare to strike a killing blow, contented to just knock the two policemen unconscious.

The loud happenings inside the room had startled the policemen outside, as in

a raging frenzy they retrieved their pistols, and starting banging against the door. However they did not dare to fire off for fear of the bullet ricocheting, and hitting their allies. Hence, the locked door gave Sheyan at least 10 seconds of additional time.

Every move was already calculated and played out in Sheyan's mind a few times, after knocking the policemen out cold, he wasted no time in rushing to Cazider, and suppressing his right hand. This time, Sheyan's intrusion was playing out perfectly.

The blanket covering Cazider suddenly moved, as something hit against Sheyan's face. The heavily injured Cazider actually still had the strength to resist! His right hand was also trembling, tightly holding onto an extremely sharp dagger! Before they arrested Cazider, the police would have already conducted a strict full body search, however ever since he had changed into a hospital garment, no one knew where he had acquired this vicious weapon!

Faced with the sudden chaos, Sheyan only grinned without trying to dodge or escape, he continued pressing down fiercely on Cazider's wrist. The sharp dagger pierced through his skin, penetrating into his flesh but was stopped in its track when it encountered the rock solid bone. "Clank!" The dagger broke! This vicious stab was totally negated by Sheyan's innate ability. To Sheyan, the heavily injured Cazider without a firearm was not even a threat.

At this time, Sheyan's hand was already pressing down on Cazider's right wrist, using strength to further pressure it down. Cazider let out a miserable scream. His right wrist was being slowly broken! Sheyan was very swift, proceeding to break Cazider's other wrist. Afterward he forcefully teared apart the handcuffs binding Cazider's wrist, ripping apart a chunk of flesh at the same time. Cazider's bleeding and deformed wrists were simply unsightly.

At that moment, the locked room door had been forced open by the flustered policemen, in a matter of seconds, 5 pistols were being aimed at Sheyan. Three of them were fuming and demanded Sheyan to place both his hands onto the wall.

Sheyan suddenly burst into a fit of crazed laughter, raising the broken window by Cazider's side, he proceeded to jump down from the third floor! His powerful

strength caused his character to exhibit his decisive and inherently intuitive nature to be on full display. Simultaneously, gunshots arose and the smell of gunpowder filled the room. At least 7-8 rounds landed on his back but were completely negated! Sheyan had already experienced resisting the firepower of these small revolvers that the police used. Although his back looked as though it was bleeding excessively, his injuries were merely superficial, as a huge bulk of the projectiles only penetrated an inch beneath his skin. They were then forcefully squeezed out.

In contrast to the concentrated gunshot wound on his back, Sheyan suffered more damage from his freefall from the third floor while carrying onto someone. Upon reaching the ground, Sheyan rolled to counter the impact, but he still felt a shooting pain in his legs, and his HP wildly dropped by 30 points. Beforehand, he had already scouted out his escape route, dragging an already half dead Cazider he fled. He then pulled into a nearby police car, hurriedly started the engine, and sped off into the main road.

When the fuming policemen chased down from the third floor, they realized the other police car wheels have all punctured. They could only suck it up and report the matter. It was now approximately 5 am in the morning, people were still in a deep sleep, it was near impossible to invoke a perfect and efficient response.

Circling the road for a few rounds, Sheyan ensured he wasn't being followed by any policemen, he then drove into a small remote street. The environment was very eerie, polluted water flowing about, initially there were several drug users trying to light their cigs, yet after seeing a police car pulling up, they immediately dispersed frantically.

Sheyan ignored them, turning around to Cazider he laughed menacingly. His shiny white teeth was glaring under the dimly lit light.

“Do you wish to live or die?”

Cazider was still freezing and trembling from the pain, his facial muscle twitched, at first he wanted to bite his tongue and commit suicide without saying a word, but could not bring himself to do it. In such close proximity, Cazider would not even be Sheyan's match even at full strength, what's more

with both his hands crippled?

“What difference will it make, if I chose life or death?”

Sheyan coldly whispered:

“If you wish to die, I can easily throw you onto the streets. If you wish to live, you better honestly answer my questions.”

“Then ask.” Cazider was already forced to a dead end, he did not have much options yet he spoke with a flickering gaze obviously still thinking of something.

“The police searched you, and even changed your clothes to a hospital gown, where did you retrieve the dagger that you used to stab me at the start?”

Sheyan asked his first question.

“After completing your first mission, your nightmare imprint will unlock a small interspatial capability. You can freely access it, only it has certain space and weight constraints. As your nightmare imprint rank increases, then the interspatial space will naturally increase.”

Cazider spoke till here, he saw that Sheyan’s eyes radiated with malicious intent, immediately continuing his sentence:

“While entering this world you should have received this notification, this world has a naturally peaceful setting, contestants killing each other will not trigger a drop of loot. Unless a contestant is willing, it is impossible to be able to retrieve an item from the other contestant’s interspatial space. Killing me will not give you any benefits.”

Sheyan’s lips curled up, then he continued whispering:

“I know the injury on your body should have been inflicted by yourself, it is surely real heavy injuries or you would not have fooled the doctor’s eyes. Your goal is to escape by allowing yourself to be captured and entering this hospital. In the hospital you are placed under heavy 24 hours surveillance, your body’s healing will not escape the notice of the monitoring equipments. Therefore, surely you have a method of allowing your body conditions to rapidly recover its fullest potential, which would then allow you to escape under the strict surveillance.

“What I want, is this secret method of yours!”

Cazider was caught off guard by Sheyan’s words, he lowered his head as he resisted verbally:

“How would I know you won’t kill me?”

Sheyan coldly spoke:

“If you don’t tell, you’ll die immediately. If you do tell, you will not die now.”

Trying to strengthen his persuasion powers, Sheyan’s hand was already tightly gripping his throat. Cazider took a deep breath, by his side suddenly the M500 hi-powered pistol appeared along with a black shotgun. Obviously they came out from Cazider’s interspatial place in his nightmare imprint.

When Cazider was lying on his patient bed, it wasn’t because he did not want to use these firearms, but it was because the recoil was simply too high and he could not withstand it. Originally already heavily injured, in addition to his handcuffed hands this sort of situation caused him to be unable to operate his guns.

More importantly, Sheyan did not give him ample time to do so. When Cazider had noticed his intrusion, Sheyan was already within a 2-3 meters proximity, the firearm’s utility was not better than a dagger in this distance.

Looking at these two weapons, Sheyan loosen his grip slipping a slight smile on his face:

“I finally see some sincerity in you. Actually you don’t have to be so nervous, did you consider your personal value?”

Cazider desperately took in huge breaths of air as he looked at Sheyan in astonishment:

“What do you mean by this?”

Sheyan laughed:

“Haven’t you discovered that our abilities are very compatible?”

The police car engine produced a grunting sound, as Sheyan switched it off. Walking out from the police car, supporting Cazider up he brought him into a

nearby limousine. He then dragged the confused driver out of the driver seat, taking his place as the car's engine roared to life.

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chapter 13

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Chapter 13: Kill!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

“I believe you have noticed, I am the kind that will charge straight up to the opponent, and I lack reliable fire support from far away. You are a long range combatant, which would be perfectly fine if we were still in our previous world, however we are currently in the Terminator world! You couldn’t even stop me with your few shots, how would you deal with stronger beasts in the future? If we work together, it would be the best of both worlds!”

Sheyan spoke with great sincerity and reasoning, Cazider deliberated a while, staring at the nearby streetlamp as he replied softly:

“The only reason I complied to getting heavy injuries and being arrested was because I acquired a certain elixir from someone else previously. This elixir can be used to heal someone up to perfect condition. Only.... I have not met the elixir’s usage requirements, you came too quickly that was why I was in such a sorry state.”

Sheyan asked:

“Acquired from someone else? How did you acquire it?”

Gently shutting his eyes, Cazider replied:

”

“This should be your first time here, however I have already experienced another movie world as a contestant. The first time I entered a movie world was.... An extremely chaotic and violent world setting, I acquired this elixir by accident during the chaotic battles.”

Sheyan understood Cazider’s character, he knew that his so called “accidentally”, was actually forcefully seizing, filled with blood and violence. Cazider was a smart person, he knew that Sheyan would want to look at the item

after his speech, he then immediately fetched the elixir out to display it.

“Unpurified black blood glucose.” (Class: Ordinary)

“Origin: Amazon.Borneo Island.”

“Rarity: Blue.”

“Effects: within 10 seconds your health will be fully restored, mind in perfect state.”

“Explanation: A medicine made from the locals using hundreds of blood orchids.”

“Side effects: 10 minutes after consumption, attributes lowered by 33%. Side effects last for an hour.”

“Warning: During the time taken from consuming the elixir and the effects to take place, you must maintain a peaceful state. Walking, running, attacking or being attacked will result in breaking the effect.”

“Usage requirements: Using the elixir requires total Mental power (MP) of 60 points.”

“Evaluation: It is your second life if you can find a suitable place to consume it.”

Currently, Cazider was feeling very frustrated in his heart. His intelligence wasn't high, only a mere 8 points which tallies to a total of 80 points of mental power (MP). Furthermore, every time he uses his innate ability: Refraction, it consumes 5 points of MP. When he had been captured by the police, his MP was left with a mere 15 points. While recuperating on the hospital bed, unfortunately his body had suffered heavy injuries to the state of near death, thus his regenerative powers had been weakened greatly. When Sheyan intruded into his hospital room, his MP had only recovered to 43 points. Therefore he could only watch this law defying item and not use it!

Looking at this elixir, Sheyan's gaze flickered and he spoke out:

“Give it to me, then we will call it even. Don't worry about your injuries, a contestant's regenerative abilities is already out of this world, once you find an underground clinic and a specialist to treat your wounds, you will regain your

battle powers after resting for a day. Then we can finally do battle shoulder to shoulder!”

Cazider’s facial muscles were twitching uncontrollably, he felt as though he could not see through this man. Facing this guy who spoke with great logic and reason, Cazider felt a strange deathly chill in his bones. It was as eerie as a graveyard on a freezing night. He was in a dilemma.

“Deal? Or no deal?”

Sheyan stepped on the gas pedal, the car engine rumbled as the car rolled onto the highway bridge. As though knowing what Cazider was thinking, he didn’t stop but calmly said:

“If you were me? Would you let that elixir remain in your hands? Would you be as patient as me?”

Sheyan faintly hinted at an underlying threat in his words. Cazider felt a chill in his heart, without a choice he followed Sheyan and got down the car, finally deciding:

“Okay, I’ll give it to you.”

The nightmare imprint transmitted “You have received an unpurified black blood glucose”. Sheyan slightly grinned, gently patting Cazider’s shoulders, afterwards he suddenly lifted him up and threw him off the bridge!

Cazider’s miserable shrill echoed through the cold air and vanished as he crash down on to an oncoming speeding vehicle. The crash coupled with the collision splattered his head wide open as shattered his bones, blood flowed from his eyes, nose and ears as his body was flung 7-8 metres onto a nearby streetlamp. That driver wasn’t a law abiding citizen, and had zero intention of stopping to check on him. Cursing his bad luck, he stepped harder onto his pedal and sped off leaving a trail of thick black exhaust fumes.

“Yet another traffic accident...” Sheyan couldn’t help smiling, calmly stepping on his pedal as though he had been numbed from all the killings, he disappeared into the dawn horizon.

Strictly speaking, Sheyan had sincerely considered partnering with Cazider. That guy possessed insane gun skills shooting a thousand and not missing a

single shot, leaving him with a deep impression. If the two had joined forces, their powers would have been second to none!

However Sheyan did not want to work with him as he did not have a good feeling about it. It was as though he would turn out like that unfortunate contestant no. 1884 who used his life to exchange for Cazider's freedom and gains.

It was drizzling outside the window, Sheyan was sitting inside a posh restaurant. Dabbing his mouth with a white handkerchief, he raised his fork to consume his meal. Ever since entering this world, the only thing he ate were two biscuits. He had constantly been famished, and after getting rid of Cazider, he stumbled into the restaurant in hunger.

Having been a fisherman who travelled widely, Sheyan was familiar with the food here. The restaurant looked quite common, but their food were fairly sumptuous. Sheyan ordered an entire fatty salmon, butter chicken, australian beef and other small side dishes. Digging into his meal, he paired it with a drink of Italian Chardonnay red wine. As the delicious meal and delightful wine entered his stomach, the fatigue and hunger slowly left him.

A television in the corner was currently broadcasting the news, everything seemed normal. Sheyan had already inquired from the waitress, apart from the supermarket case there were no order new crime alerts. He tried calling the two secondary "Sarah Connor", although there was an answer, he could not determine the Terminator's future location or actions. This was a good thing, if the reality deviated from the movie's plot or lagged, then the remaining story would then delay as well.

Right now the real "Sarah Connor" was bunking in with a good friend. When Sheyan had earlier called her, he got information that the mother of the resistance leader in the real world was away on vacation. Nobody knew her whereabouts.

Figuratively speaking, unless the storyline progressed to the point where the Terminator appeared, then the real Sarah Connor would not show up yet. Until the Terminator surfaces, Sarah Connor would also have another special combatant from the future by her side.

“Then....” Sheyan swirled his shimmering wine in his glass, yet his gaze were fixated onto the gorgeous and old-fashioned 1984 California, Los Angeles streetscape.

“It’s time.”

Presently, Sheyan had almost completely pieced the puzzles of this world together. Since the female lead Sarah Connor was unreachable or not ‘in play’ yet, this meant the t-800 would not appear yet for a while. Therefore the next stop was to complete his main mission of destroying the space-time convergence! This mission seemed like there wasn’t a lead, yet it was hidden in a movie scene. When the T-800 Terminator and Kyle Reese entered Skynet’s time machine to travel here, they appeared very close to their previous location. That meant that very spot was a location of huge space-time convergence.

Tossing a tip of 20 dollars to the waitress, he found himself a map of Los Angeles. Relying on his memory and perceptive powers, he pinpointed seven possible locations where the t-800 robot and Kyle Reese would appear. Flagging a cab, he headed for these seven locations.

After eliminating three less likely locations, his fourth point was not near, needing to travel through half of the entire Los Angeles. Sheyan seized this moment to catch some much needed rest, leaning against the back seat and closing his eyes, as he rubbed his round stomach and began snoring.

His heart was not one bit nervous, but experienced waves after waves of excitement: such heart pounding experiences and living on the edge, how could it compare to his previous ordinary life? In his previous world where he was in dire straits, his luck suddenly took a 360 degrees turn as he encountered this strange way of living. This feeling was extremely hard to describe.

Time sped by amidst the journey of traffic lights. At present there was no GPS system but Sheyan was able to deduce his estimated location, as he was soon to arrive at his destination. He had already start to take notice of his surroundings and the vehicles around. Suddenly at this moment, he felt his chest burning up as a cold audible voice emitted in his mind:

“WARNING: You have entered a relevant sensitive region, side branch of storyline activated.”

“WARNING: You have entered a relevant sensitive region, side branch of storyline activated.”

“WARNING: You have entered a relevant sensitive region, side branch of storyline activated.”

WARNING: The future Skynet has deemed you as a threat to the space-time convergence, they have sent an uncompleted and untested Terminator to eliminate you.”

“WARNING: T-750 Terminator was arrive though the space-time convergence in 15 seconds. Your blood type, smell and appearance has been locked on. You can only leave this region after 10 minutes, attempting to leave earlier will allow Skynet to pinpoint your location (Extreme danger).”

“WARNING: You are the second contestant to activate this side branch of the storyline, the defence mechanism of the space-time convergence been gradually improved. Your predator, T-750 Terminator’s powers has since increased from 70% to 80%.

“Notification: Contestant’s first time entering the nightmare realm, after 10 minutes you will gain the aid of the Delta anti-terror task force.”

“Notification: The time-space convergence will appear 10 minutes after the death of the T-750 Terminator.”

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chapter 14

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Chapter 14: Cornered!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

“F**k!” this sudden twist of events threw Sheyan’s heart into chaos, as he had not been prepared for it. His facial muscles twitching, he could not help cursing as he grabbed onto the driver’s seat, rushing him to halt the car. The curious driver furiously braked, but the impatient Sheyan threw a stack of dollar notes at the driver, leaping out of the car before it stopped.

“Sarah Connor’s predator was the robot model T-800, that should be the boss of this Terminator world.” Sheyan’s brain had began calculating and reflecting on the recent happenings.

“This time’s T-750 model, should mean that the Terminator’s power should be lesser than that of the T-800. Following the nightmare imprint’s pointer, this T-750 should only exhibit 80% of his total power.”

At this moment Sheyan had no time to observe his surroundings, rapidly running towards the nearby two storey cluster of buildings. At the same time he equipped the M500 pistol at his waist while reloading the strong firepowered shotgun. In intense combat, even a few seconds may determine life or death, that is why he had started to prepare all these in the midst of his confusion.

Although he was equipped with two high firepower weapons, he did not have the skills, like Cazider, to compliment them. He could only use them in close range, hence he retreated into a building to give himself a favourable battle environment. Eliminating the possibility of the Terminator using a long range attack to assault him.

Reaching the doorsteps of one of the buildings, Sheyan banged against the door with his shoulder. “Pam!” Cracks emerged on the entire door and suddenly the entire thing, along with the hinge, dislodged and flew inwards. Sheyan had

an indomitable look as he entered the room. A black man dressed like a hippie charged across with a baseball bat, his face full of rage as he uttered vulgarities in his native language. However when he saw the cold black barrel of the shotgun, he wasted no seconds to raise both hands up and squat by the side.

Sheyan could not be bothered to explain, lifting the poor guy up and hurling him out of the window, and unknowingly to him, was actually saving his life. At the corner of Sheyan's eyes, at this moment he could see several extremely glaring blue electric currents abruptly appearing at the nearby courtyard. A water pail was swirling in mid air amidst the electrifying blue currents, as the currents slid around the air like a python, looking dangerously terrifying. "Chi, Chi.." the sound of the currents could be heard within the raging winds, as the surrounding objects were all lifted into the air.

"This... this should be the Terminator about to exit the time convergence!" Sheyan's pupils dilated. His initial reaction was to pull out his M500 pistol, take aim and fire!

"BOOM!" Light blue fumes arose in spirals. Sheyan discovered his own gun skills were not accurate, but that wasn't important. As the projectile flew closer to the electric currents, its speed and even the speed of the projectile's spinning gradually slowed down. It was as though time was forcefully slowed down in that area. However, what was stranger was that once the projectile came in contact with the blue electric currents, it dissolved like a block of ice evaporating, and finally completely vanished into thin air!

"This should be the effect of the laws of space-time, a lifeless object is unable to pass through but will instead be consumed! That is why the Terminator needs to have a special layer of flesh and blood constructed as it's exterior."

At this moment, a few large strands of blue electric currents started merging into a huge glaring blue light screen, it was so bright that the naked eye couldn't bear the view. Sheyan saw a pair of shades on the kitchen table, and bluntly put it on. Instantly, he could see a huge rough hand reaching out of the time-space convergence, trying very hard to climb out.

Sheyan knew that was a golden opportunity to attack, however he did not have the skills or the necessary tools. He regretted his earlier actions, if the

tenant was still here, he would have used him as a human grenade and tossed him over to test the waters.

Gradually, the Terminator's head emerged from within the time-space convergence. He had a shockingly plain face, the contours of his face and his hair were simple and he remained emotionless. He gave one the feeling of being a plastic surgery model with that sort of face. On the left side of his neck and shoulder blade, one could clearly see a small hole the size of a ping-pong ball. The edge of the hole was not defined, exuberating a flashing metal radiance. His skin had a tan and burnt look, with smoke rising from it. Light could be seen flashing beneath his skin, obviously coming from his interior of steel and machinery. This was the probably the reason he only retained 80% of its battle powers.

As half of the Terminator's body emerged from the space-time convergence, a sudden eye piercing radiance flashed again, as the onlooking Sheyan even with the shades could only shut his eyes and look away. When he turned back to look, that T-750 model Terminator was already standing still on the ground, it's cold lifeless eyes staring at Sheyan. That was the kind of glare that had no respect for life, filled with destruction, a raging flood of destruction that would be merciless even to its own kind!

Sheyan remained speechless, steadily raising the shotgun in his hands aiming the black barrel in the Terminator's direction.

Any language had lost it's purpose. Faced with a cold, emotionless, devoid of logic, menacing beast, Sheyan could feel an unexplainable chill in his heart. The Terminator began edging forward, bending it's waist, he suddenly burst forward at a frightening pace. Sheyan concentrated his strength on his fingertips, without hesitation he triggered it, unleashing the might of the shotgun!

"BOOM!" the smoking fumes arose. The plastic projectile from the bullet shot out from the shotgun's barrel. The plastic projectile shattered releasing hundreds of minute steel balls, forming into a rain of steel balls. Even the air felt like it ripped apart releasing a penetrating whistling sound. The incoming Terminator stumbled a moment, as if an invisible hand was keeping him in place, as it ripped open it's exterior flesh exposing a shiny white metallic bone inside.

Sheyan remained calm and composed as he edged forward, tightly pressing onto the trigger. The strong recoil from the shotgun was completely negated by Sheyan's immense strength. The Terminator, in the face of wave after waves of metallic rain, staggered and starting twitching. However it continued pressing on with great tenacity. Horrifyingly, the metallic balls from the shotgun smashing onto the Terminator's enduring body sounded like raindrops. The only damage it caused was ripping the flesh apart to expose the interior, completely unable to cause heavy injuries. Only the surrounding walls and floor were now stained with a great deal of flesh and blood portraying a perfect horror scene.

The shotgun only had capacity for 6 rounds, after Sheyan's frenzied spraying, he had no time to reload. Tossing away his shotgun, he reached out for the nearby baseball bat. Who knew that once the T-750 Terminator was relieved of the oncoming pressure, he stomped down with a strength of more than 200 kg as the wooden board beneath him was smashed to bits. Summoning his matchless strength he burst forward abruptly.

Sheyan had never expect that this T-750 Terminator's burst of strength was that terrifying, covering a span of 7-8 metres in an instance. What was more frightening was that even after the assault from the shotgun, that T-750 Terminator seemed like it did not sustain any legitimate damage as he charged forward at Sheyan, sweeping across with his right hand! Faced with such terrifying speed, Sheyan tried to dodge but instead took a direct blow from the fist.

"BAM!" Sheyan flew from the impact, spinning three rounds in midair smashing through a wall partition and flying a further 5-6 metres. As he flew in mid air, he crashed into many different objects. Shaking his head from his giddiness, he actually felt no pain. However, half of his face had gone numb, his lips were twitching uncontrollably as he felt that he had lost several of his teeth. Suddenly he felt a burning sensation from the injured area, as a searing pain started to extend to his entire body!

"You received a total of 50(80 – 25) points of damage from the T-750 Terminator's attack."

"You are now in the state of giddiness, your attack speed and movement had been lowered by 25%. Effects last for 30 seconds."

If an ordinary person had been hit with this blow, he would have definitely died upon impact. Sheyan's body was superior to an average person by four folds, but, even with his innate ability, he had still been reduced to such a sorry state!

"F**k!"

Sheyan rolled and forced himself up, his cheeks were swollen as he panted heavily. Looking at the nearby T-750 Terminator inching closer step by step, he coughed a mouthful of blood. His heart felt extremely dreadful. Before coming here, he had already a very high estimation of the Terminator boss's potential strength. But he never expected the output of strength of a T-750 Terminator operating at 80% to be so fearful. He was powerless in the face of such tremendous strength.

The Terminator was an emotionless beast, it was also a smart and ruthless machine not giving any openings to its enemies. He would not delight in a successful blow nor will he cower in the face of failure. After one assault, this T-750 Terminator mercilessly continued moving towards Sheyan, raising his feet and stomping it down.

As the Terminator's feet stomped down on him, Sheyan could hear a horrifying exploding sound intruding into the atmosphere.

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chapter 15

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Chapter 15: Death match

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

“Kaboom!” Dust filled the air following the Terminator’s aggressive stomp, the entire 1 metre of wooden flooring had been smashed inwards and the water pipes beneath broke as well. Water spurted out in all directions, enveloping the entire room in a mist. At the crucial moment, Sheyan managed to roll to the left, dodging the stomp, however the broken wood fragments pierced his skin forming many bloodied scars.

The Terminator retracted his feet from the chaotic mess he just created, swinging around to face Sheyan once again. However he swung around with a rather sluggish mechanical movement – Sheyan immediately noticed that atop his neck there was a wound with flashes of electricity jolting out of it. His heart was stirred, but he continued rolling away, he picked himself up and started sprinting off. Yet he noticed, that the Terminator’s reaction speed was slower by about 50%!

If this was the case.... Sheyan took in a deep breath and stopped retreating. Picking up a stool he rushed against the Terminator! The angle at which he rushed forward was ingeniously abnormal, charging straight up to the T-750 Terminator’s left shoulder injury. Roaring, he swung the stool down onto the T-750 Terminator’s left shoulder, and the stool splintered into three. However he could clearly see, the wound on the Terminator’s shoulder was emitting more jolts of electricity.

Simultaneously, Sheyan had once again been struck by the T-750 Terminator’s left fist on his chest, and thrown for a full 2-3 metres! He curled up his body in mid air, as he smashed to the ground face twitching in agony. Yet his gaze maintained a crazy excitement.

“Nice!”

Sheyan rolled over as he high kneeled on the ground, clutching his chest. Gritting his bloodied teeth and heavily panting, his gaze flashed an intense viciousness. According to his calculations, the T-750 terminator’s left punch strength had similarly been affected. Although this blow was still largely threatening, after his innate ability, Endurance, it only deducted a total of about 20-30 Life Points. This sort of damage to the exceedingly high HP of 180 points Sheyan, was definitely tolerable.

Sheyan then picked up a sharp iron pincer from the nearby fireplace, and started circling around the Terminator, always maintaining his position on the left of the T-750 Terminator. Suddenly, he frenziedly charged forward, but instantaneously retreated again! The T-750 Terminator’s actions maintained a certain cunningness, flashing a red light from his eyes as if confused from Sheyan’s back and forth movements. Wildly swinging his fist to attack, it landed a heavy blow onto the nearby pillar. The flesh on his fist split open, spilling much blood and exposing a shiny metallic bone beneath. The entire room shook, as dust floated down slowly as though the room was going to collapse any second.

Grasping this golden opportunity, Sheyan’s gaze shifted as he immediately pounced forward with great ferocity. Summoning his remaining strength in his body, he heavily struck down furiously on the wounded hole of the T-750 terminator with the pincer.

“Chi Chi Chi..” An electrifying sound filled the air. Sheyan could feel a strong resistive force against his hands, as he started trembling uncontrollably from head to toe. His eyes had currently been blinded by the glaring burst of electricity, screaming out loud, his body was suddenly hurled across the sky smashing back first onto a wall 3 metres away. The impact smashed the wall clocking as decorations, metal parts and gears fell to the ground.

Looking at the metal pincer, it had already been distorted into a donut shaped object, piercing into the shoulder of the T-750 Terminator’s shoulder blade. Electrifying blue currents were flashing from within and out of the shoulder. As the T-750 Terminator collapsed to the ground, its entire body was shaking violently and the wound had already expanded to the size of a bowl. The

surrounding flesh had been wildly ripped apart, and was burnt black as if it had just been barbequed. There was strange pungent odour coming out of it.

Sheyan noticed that the layer of flesh covering the Terminator's body was more useful than what he originally thought it would be. In his impression, the Terminator's flesh primary function was to protect and prevent them from being consumed by the space-time convergence. Its other functions was to be used as a disguise, to blend into a crowd of humans.

However, it seemed that the flesh covering the Terminator had a direct impact on its speed, attacking capabilities and even its defensive capabilities. If this T-750 terminator's skin had been perfect, then its attacks would possess a more terrifying focus.

Sheyan forced himself up from the ground, restraining that numbing and fainting feeling he felt in his body. The T-750 Terminator slowly picked itself up as well, as a clear and crisp "chi chi chi chi" sound could be heard from within his body. Although it had sustained heavy injuries, the T-750 Terminator showed no hint of anger, pain or fear. In contrast, he started taking one step at a time towards Sheyan.

"You have been shocked by the T-750 terminator's internal electric currents, sustaining numbing abnormalities. Movement speed has been reduced by 50%. Effects will wear off by 15% every 2 seconds, amounting to a total of 8 seconds."

"Damn!" Sheyan could sense that his limbs were uncooperative. He struggled as hard as he could to distance himself from the T-750 Terminator, but the harsh reality was that the gap was getting smaller and smaller! There's a phrase which says a cornered beast is the most dangerous, but yet Sheyan felt as though an injured Terminator was the scariest. This was because if it wasn't thoroughly destroyed, then he would carrying on hunting like a God of war. Cold, emotionless, cruel and persistent.

Sheyan's state was so miserable he could only attempt to roll away, hiding in a nearby room and locking the door behind him. However in one second, the wooden door was easily blasted open by the Terminator. The T-750 Terminator charged forward, the loose wires hanging out from his wound seemed to add to his overwhelming threatening demeanor. Locating Sheyan's position, he raised

his feet again and heavily stomped downwards.

Sheyan wasn't able to dodge it this time, receiving the stomp straight to his chest. Sheyan's vision started blackening, as he could hear a crackling sound believing that his bones were breaking. Blood rushed up his throat as it spurted out explosively from his mouth. The wooden flooring underneath had also broken and sunk in. Sheyan was literally being stomped into the ground alive.

"I... How can I die here?" Within the agony and gasping for air, Sheyan let out a crying roar, both his eyes were burning with a ferocity to survive! Both his hands were wrapped around the T-750 Terminator's left leg, trying to force the Terminator to fall. However, the T-750 Terminator's strength far exceeded his, and once again kicked against Sheyan. Sheyan flew and smashed head first into a nearby pillar as the bricks were flung about and the dust engulfed the air. Sheyan's forehead had a distinct and horrifying wound, covering his entire face with blood.

Sheyan lay on the floor, desperately gasping for air. Although he had sustained extremely heavy injuries, his lifepoints greatly exceeded an average human by four times, coupled with his endurance ability, he still managed to force himself up to do battle. However his body had started swaying, and he looked like an arrow that was at the end of its flight. The only good news was that the numbing effect on his body and completely vanished, he would not be easily pressured like before.

"Now my HP is barely at 50 points, before the Delta anti-terror task force arrives, there's still a huge gap of 4 minutes 31 seconds. Give up... or should I continue battling?"

Sheyan raised his brows, spitting out a mixture of sand and blood. At the moment, he suddenly recalled the battle that took place in the living room just now. His eyes sparkled, immediately fleeing in that direction.

This was because of the underground water pipe that broke open. With the room bursting with water, Sheyan had witnessed the T-750 Terminator's wound jolting with light blue electrical current. Grinning coldly, he stood beside the nearby sofa, picked up a glass filled with water, and immediately threw it forward.

The T-750 Terminator was unfazed by the incoming glass, his cold, murderous gaze only had one target and that was Sheyan! This glass of water shattered upon impact on the Terminator's shoulder. A big amount of water seeped into the Terminator's wound. Instantaneously, light blue electric currents jolted out as Sheyan gently blinked his eyes. A thick smoke emerged from the wound, as the T-750 Terminator's body started violent jerking. After a few seconds, both its left leg and left shoulder appeared to become lifeless which should be the internal machinery circuit sustaining damage. After Sheyan once again threw another glass of water, there were no additional effects and even the electric sparks were gone. Obviously the circuit inside had been completely shut down.

Yet, the T-750 Terminator was still able to move, as it continued to close the gap! However, his movement now had been greatly reduced to a slow limping. At this moment, Sheyan bent his waist, roaring loudly, he was like an angry bull chasing the red flag as it knocked against the nearby pillar!

This building had been constructed about 20-30 years ago already, its foundation materials were already old and fragile. The pillars were the only things holding the second floor up. Initially the T-750 Terminator had struck a blow already, as cracks had begun surfacing. After Sheyan's full might charge, the strength was equivalent to about 3 young men working together; the pillar which was already supporting the upper level's weight, couldn't withstand the pressure anymore as it swayed and eventually collapsed.

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chapter 16

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Chapter 16: You've been Terminated

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:Elkassar

Sheyan had already planned his escape route before knocking the pillar down. It took roughly 3 seconds for the building to entirely collapse which was enough time for him to leap out of the window. The mobility impaired T-750 Terminator limped after Sheyan for a few steps, then got buried beneath the rumbling and rolling concrete and dust.

The interior battle did not cause much of a ruckus to the surrounding neighbors, yet such a big scale event like the building collapsing could not elude their attention. After escaping out of the window, Sheyan did not pause as he ran to a distant off-road vehicle with a face full of blood and dirt and violently coughing. After opening the vehicle's door, he immediately hopped into the driver's seat! The fuming driver wanted to refute him however upon seeing the threatening M500 at Sheyan's waist, he lowered his head, turned around and started running away clumsily.

Sheyan hastily pressed down onto the gas pedal, as the off-road vehicle roared into life. Thick black fumes escaped the exhaust as the back wheels frenzily spun into action, and the friction against the road caused road dirt and sand to fog up. In the distant building ruins, a shimmering mechanical hand with lumps of bloodied flesh, reached out from within the debris. Summoning its strength, the hand started pushing against the debris around it. Finally the T-750 Terminator's upper body surfaced in Sheyan's view.

The T-750 terminator exhibited numerous flesh wounds, its mechanical body also had numerous damaged areas which had blue sparks jolting out. The only unchanged part was its red glaring eyes, cold and emotionless with an everlasting maliciousness!

Within the vehicle Sheyan coldly observed, after a short while, the off-road vehicle began speeding forward.

“BAM!” The off-road vehicle jolted forward on the ruins, as the front bumper collided straight into the upper body of the T-750 Terminator. This alien machine assassin could not resist such great collision force, as it flew upon impact along with the surrounding debris and dirt. It flew a great 20 plus metres before landing on the ground and slid against the road.

At this moment, the T-750 Terminator actually still tried to stabilize its body, using its left hand of steel to forcefully grab the concrete pavement, forming a trail of sparks due to the friction. The T-750 Terminator’s left leg had been ripped apart, as its leg was previously caught by something within the ruins and had torn apart upon collision. Beneath its thigh were several electrical wires as though they were arteries and veins, shooting sparks.

The present Sheyan wasn’t going to stop just yet, he reversed back to face the Terminator. With a murderous look, he pressed the gas pedal as the vehicle roared forward. In a matter of seconds, the off-road vehicle climbed to a speed of 100 km/h, as the wheels produced a trail of thick smoke, once again heavily colliding onto the T-750 Terminator! However this time, Sheyan dived out of the vehicle before its collision. Making a landing roll, he witnessed the off-road vehicle charging forward like a raging bull, smashing into the T-750 Terminator as it dragged it all the way, finally colliding into a nearby multi-storey building!

In that moment, during the collision, Sheyan could clearly see the bumper of the vehicle had a huge dent, as it further distorted, and folded up. Following it was a ferocious explosion, as the raging flames and thick fumes gobbled the vehicle up.

“Phew...” Sheyan heaved a sigh of relief.

In such an intense battle, he had clenched his teeth and strenuously persisted. Yet once the adrenaline wore off, he felt a wave of pain and fatigue coming over his body. He could feel several broken bones within him, and all he wanted to do was lie down and do nothing. However there were still 2 minutes before the Delta anti-terror task force would arrive. Sheyan didn’t dare to be complacent, he walked to a nearby car intending to leave immediately.

At this moment, there was a sudden movement within the burning ruins, as something climbed out of the raging flames. It was actually the remaining half of the T-750 Terminator! Except for his chest and up, the rest of his mechanical body was smashed and scattered. Yet he still used his cyborg hand, which was still in working condition, to crawl one inch at a time, as he lifted this sinister head up with still an unwavering look. Its glaring red eyes were still focused on Sheyan as if he had never once forgotten his main mission!

Sheyan's face twitched, as his face formed a crazy and ruthless expression. With big steps he charged forward, pouncing onto the T-750 Terminator's back. He then extended his muscular arms to restrain the Terminator's neck. The T-750 Terminator had just crawled out from a raging fire, therefore its mechanical body was burning hot. A foul smell of burnt flesh filled the air, yet Sheyan was oblivious or he simply could not feel it. Clenching his teeth, he pressed down with strength! The steel arms of the T-750 Terminator futilely brandished against the empty sky.

"Chi chi chi chi.." the miserable yet emotionless sound of the T-750 Terminator could be heard from its neck, followed by a piercing crackling sound! The dim electrical currents within its mechanical body flickered. Sheyan roared out loud, grabbing a nearby steel rod on the floor, he ruthlessly pierced it directly into the eye socket of the T-750 Terminator!

Living with great joy, dying without regrets!

Light radiated out of the pierced area, as the head of the T-750 Terminator violently shuddered. It rolled and shook violently for about 5-6 metres, as the glaring red light flickered in its other eye and finally extinguished.

"You have done a total damage of 40 points to the T-750 Terminator."

"T-750 Terminators remaining life point value – 13."

"You have killed the T-750 Terminator."

"Milestone: Machine predator. You have killed $\frac{1}{3}$ Terminators. You are left with 2 more terminators before achieving this milestone."

"You solo killed a T-750 Terminator, you have gained an additional 200 utility points. Utility points are your currency, and can be used in various ways."

“You have acquired 1 summoning key (Blue).” (Key was dropped by the T-750 Terminator, you can use this key to call upon and open the treasure chest from the T-750 Terminator to obtain your battle loot.”

Receiving this notification from the nightmare imprint, Sheyan didn't have the time to look. He urgently hurried over to where the T-750 Terminator first appeared through the space-time convergence. Although it was just a pile of ruins, clearly and distinctly seen was a weird foreign like crystal, a metre long transparent empty diamond floating in midair. There was a glimmer of electric light radiating in the center.

Although currently there were several frantic people running and shouting about, they seemed to be completely oblivious to his levitating crystal. Sheyan knew in his heart that his object was the critical Space-time convergence of his personal main mission. He walked forward, casually positioning a crooked chair as he used strength to step up.

The space-time convergence seemed to contain ripples of brilliance. Sheyan took several deep breaths, raising the chair and repeatedly pounding onto the crystal 10 times. The space-time convergence was covered in spider web like cracks, before it stopped radiating. With a loud bang, it exploded brightly, as its fragments gently drifted off.

Instantaneously, the nightmare imprint notified:

“You have destroyed the space-time convergence.”

“Main mission: Dispose of the Space-time convergence.”

“Mission summary: Skynet had begun preparations to send a Terminator from the future to carry out an assassination plan. However to activate time travel, there must first be a strong space-time convergence in order to transport the terminator safely to the past.”

“Mission focus: Dispose of the time-space convergence that Skynet had set in this world.”(Completed)

“You can choose to receive a mission reward before returning to the nightmare realm in 5 minutes.”

“You can choose to delay receiving your mission reward and continue

exploring this world.”

“WARNING: You can choose anytime except in a state of battle to receive your mission reward. However the time of receiving the reward cannot exceed the stipulated deadline (48 hours), or the mission will be deemed as incomplete.”

Explanation: State of battle means you are attacking someone or someone is attacking you. No matter if you are the attacker or the target, you will escape the battle state once you do not receive an attack or dish out an attack within 100 seconds.

Sheyan was currently too occupied to look at this notification because from far away he could hear the piercing sound of the police siren – the police were here. That terrifying Delta anti-terror task force wouldn’t be that far. Therefore, he instantly searched for a motorbike to escape. Previously he assaulted several policemen, forcibly taking over vehicles and intruding civilian’s houses, his crimes were not few. It would be best if he could elude the police, also a motorbike was a nimble and speedy mobile vehicle which was his primary choice.

He passed two blocks riding on his motorbike, however a chilling to the bone sensation came over him as his heart was screaming with discomfort. Suddenly from the front appeared a deep black huge police vehicle, moving across about 10 metres in front of Sheyan. The window retracted as five huge black barrels emerged from within, aiming at the same time! Sheyan felt a cold sweat enveloping his entire body. Faced with these 5 barrels, if they were to commence fire, even at his peak condition he would melt in a matter of seconds. What more his body was covered in injuries!

Black gloves, black firearm!

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chapter 17

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Chapter 17: The lethal weapon from 49 years later

Translated by: Chua

Edited by:Elkassar

“BOOM!” The five black barrels sprayed out long and explosive red gun fire, however to the human ear it sounded like one united bang. The delta anti-terror task force’s level of training was unimaginable, as they actually aimed towards a double storey building about 100 metres right behind Sheyan. Suddenly someone actually leapt out of the window. His clothes fabric were torn and floating around, and even contained a trace of blood on them. However, the person was actually able to do a somersault in midair and was even able to raise and aim his UZI SMG (Sub-machine gun) .

“DA DA DA! DA DA DA! DA DA DA!”

Gunshots exploded forth, as fumes emerged from within the police van and a clear line of bullet holes could be seen! After receiving an assault from the Delta anti-terror task force, that man actually still managed to stabilize himself in mid air and counter attacked! What was more impressive was that the UZI SMG was a short range gun because of its rapid fire speed, yet he was able to hit with such organized precision from 100 meters away. His defence capabilities were high, yet his gun skills were unimaginable!

Who is he?

After landing on his feet, that black figure immediately escaped from the killing zone, as the Delta anti-terror task force was unable to pursue further. After showing his battle prowess, the distant building produced yet another human figure, rushing frantically towards the Delta anti-terror task force. This figure was familiar to Sheyan, it was actually the bearded guy whom he encountered right after entering this world!

“Yup, I remembered after entering this region I received a notification, saying

that I was the second contestant to activate the storyline.”

Sheyan squinted his eyes, his eyes beaming with craftiness, he only saw as the Delta anti-terror task force ignored him and left in a flash. He reflected on his memory:

“Then... this bearded guy should be the first person to activate the mission in this region? That black figure who actually dared to resist the Delta anti-terror task force is he a....Terminator? Looks like the emphasis that Skynet places on different T-750 models were different. It is obvious the one i encountered thrived at close combat fist fighting, he did not utilize a single firearm that should be his weak point. Then... this far range combatant terminator’s weak point should possibly be close combat?”

Hesitating for a brief period, that huge police van had no intention of giving up, as it sped off towards the T-750 Terminator’s direction. Sheyan was about to press down the pedal of his motorbike, he suddenly realized there was a trace of fresh blood on the floor. His heart was stirred, suspecting it was a relevant clue. Continuing forward he spun one round with the motorbike and drove into a nearby alley.

Sheyan stopped at the end of the alley, pushing open a nearby door. The owner of the house wasn’t around, which saved Sheyan a considerable amount of efforts. Sheyan proceeded into the bathroom, washing off all his blood stains from head to toe. He then stripped his clothings, and started treating his wounds with the mirror. Afterwards he then started investigating the information he received after eliminating his T-750 Terminator.

The first thing to settle was definitely that summoning key. Examining closely, Sheyan noticed that apart from looking like an ordinary key, a greenish grey aura enveloped the key. The key had a stainless steel appearance giving it a murky appearance, as if it had withstood the test of time. The key had a dense decorative design engraved onto it, giving it a special futuristic look.

Sheyan concentrated his thoughts, as they key started to radiate with a warmth brilliance. Following that, a similarly designed and colored chest appeared. The chest was about as big as a luggage case. As Sheyan slotted the key into the keyhole, the chest cover swung open producing two items from

within:

Cobalt and steel alloy exoskeleton (Left-hand) (Damaged)

Origin: Michigan, America, Skynet no. 71 Factory, ninth production belt.

Equipment rarity: White

Equipment effects: Increases your unarmed battle power by 3-33 points.

Equipment requirements: Strength 8 points, physique 10 points.

Equipment position: Hand

Material: Cobalt and steel alloy mix

Possible additional installation: Flesh plastic layer (Function has ceased).

Magnetic weapon absorption examining system (Lacking necessary components)

Weight: 4.8 Kg

Length: 352mm

Special effects: While attacking, slight possibility of ignoring the enemy's defence.

Weapon can be repaired 0/1 times. (Equipment's value can increase after repair)

Evaluation: This weapon is not hard to repair – If you can go to 2029, and create a good relationship with Skynet.

Equipment Battle points: 12

Main CPU Microchip (Damaged)

Origin: Michigan, US, Skynet Factory no. 24 , seventh assembling department.

Item rarity: Light blue

Equipment position: Miscellaneous/ Backpack

Weight: 3.77g.”

Length: 32 mm

Usage: You will receive a side mission.

Additional: You will receive 400 utility points.

Evaluation: In the eyes of some fools, this thing is garbage. For others, this thing is the entire world.

Sheyan observed the two items, without hesitation he equipped the cobalt steel exoskeleton. From the external view, it looked extremely weird as though the entire left arm had metamorphosed into the huge terminator's arm. Afterwards, he realized that the nightmare imprint could utilize a certain camouflaging ability. As long as he wasn't in combat state, then his equipped item would still look like an ordinary hand. Therefore, he did not have to worry about drawing too much attention from the public.

After equipping the cobalt steel exoskeleton, the nightmare imprint issued a notification: Do you want to use your materials at hand to commence repairation of equipment? Yes/ No. Inquiring, previously you did not have any engineering capabilities, also you only possess simple tools and materials at hand. Equipment repairing chance: 0.03 %. Repair count 0/1.

Sheyan immediately chose no. It was obvious this equipment only had one repairing chance, wasting it would mean losing it. Even if he was a fool, he wouldn't bet on the impossible odds of 0.03%. He then practiced a few blows with his left hand, feeling that the threatening strength of his fist had went through huge upgrades. He nodded his head in satisfaction. Then he picked up that broken computer microchip, simultaneously receiving another notification from the nightmare imprint. It probed him if he wanted to accept the mission quest, deliberating for a awhile, he selected accept.

Side mission: Accepted:

Difficulty level: F

Mission goal: Handover this microchip to Engineer Vincent of the Cyberdyne computer company.

Mission pointers: Engineer Vincent enjoys his daily meals at the Bethel Steakhouse to the left of the company.

Mission suggestion: Vincent is a stubborn and biased person, persuading him would be an advantageous move.

Mission deadline: None

“Cyberdyne computer company?” Sheyan’s memory was very good, he immediately recalled. Wasn’t this the company that constructed “Skynet”? This company had high technology influences and also had secret relations with the American army. Therefore it’s status was extremely elevated in America. This mission actually required him to interact with a high level engineer at this company?

Sheyan pondered for a moment, and decided to shelve aside this mission temporarily. Before carrying out this mission, he needed to gain a better understanding of the Cyberdyne computer company, and more information of engineer Vincent. Suddenly discovering more matters regarding the terminator was out of his calculation and it was better to be prudent. This will eliminate unnecessary danger, and can merit certain advantages.

This moment Sheyan received another notification:

“You solo killed the T-750 Terminator, do you want to use 100 utility points to acquire in-depth information on this model of terminator? Yes/ No”

Sheyan hesitated for awhile, prior to this he had already understood a huge deal of the T-750 Terminator capabilities after his battle. However after thinking thoroughly, he still chose to acquire the detailed information. This may assist him with understanding the last boss the T-800 Terminator. Who knew, he may even receive a valuable item within this pile of information. After confirmation, a square frame appeared in his vision, listing a compilation of detailed information.

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chapter 18

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Chapter 18: Greedy snake wishes to swallow an elephant!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

T-750 Terminator (Basic model)

Basic measurements:

Body height: 184Cm

Body weight: 200 Kg

Strength: 20 points,

Agility: 10 points

Intelligence: 5 points

Spirit: 0 point

Charm: 3 points

Physique: 10 points

Perceptive sense: 0 point

Supporting power source: Manganese and silicon ion battery

Time duration: 10 years

Sustainable battle duration: One year (Normal battle)

Sustainable battle duration: 40 days (Intense battle)

Maximum movement speed (land): 60km/hour

Maximum movement speed (Underwater): 28km/hour

Explosive jumping length: 7 Metres (With running)

Explosive jumping length: 4 Metres (Without running)

Power: 520 horsepower

Base HP: 1200 points

Innate ability: Steel, resisting any damage from anything by 10 points.

Innate ability: Armoured, increasing HP by additional 400 points.

Weapon measurement (T-750 CPU processing capabilities only allows it to choose one form of weapon system to load when assaulting)

Weapon: Cobalt steel alloy exoskeleton (Already equipped)

Weapon: Cobalt steel defence shield (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)

Weapon: Nickel and chromium grade rifle (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)

Weapon: Laser pistol (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)

Weapon: High pressure xenon pulse, Submachine gun combination (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)

Weapon: 105mm line multi-capability cannon (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)

Weapon: M16 landmine (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)

Weapon: 442-rt model magnetic absorption system (Already surpassed calculating ability limit unable to equip)

Defence capability: (T-750 power source energy transmission limitation, only able to select the following protective equipments)

Protective equipment: Heavy Cobalt steel body armour (Unable to pass through time-space convergence, unable to equip)

Effects: Movement speed decreased by 33%, capabilities increased by 300%, Absorb 45% of external damages.

Protective equipment: Ammonia hydroxyl thick dermis (layer of flesh) (Already equipped)

Effects: Absorb 15% of all damage. When equipped: unable to equip other protective equipment, able to support battle procedure: Close combat battle ability.

Protective equipment: point to point “support” Artificial skin (not yet equipped, able to increase energy limits)

Effects: Able to absorb 50% of long distance damage, no effects on close combat damage. When equipped: unable to equip other protective gear, able to support battle procedure: proficient in light firepower weapons.

Secondary installations:

Simple warm facial appearance (Already equipped, prepared with dark vision effect)

Satellite navigation system (Already equipped, lack of relevant support system unable to utilize)

Light armament tracking system (Already equipped, able to search for light firearms and ammunition within 200 metres radius)

Automatic data calculation installation (Unable to pass through space-time convergence, not equipped)
)

Battle programming: (T-750 computer microchip processing limitations, only able to select one battle program to equip)

Close combat battle ability (Already equipped)

Firearms combat ability (Not equipped, microchip processing limitations)

Proficiency in light firearms (Pistol/ submachine gun calibre) (Not equipped, microchip processing limitations)

Battlefield set-up abilities (Landmines explosives etc) (Not equipped, microchip processing limitations)

Machine personal defensive capabilities (Not equipped, microchip processing limitations)

Emulation of voice/sounds projection and enunciation tools (Not equipped, model of Terminator unable to support capabilities)

Observing this T-750 model detail information, Sheyan felt that the T-750 Terminator is a model number, not a fixed construction. Just like how a car has several components in terms of stability/ horsepower etc and being able to upgrade or change the specifications. The T-750 had different equipment specifications, additional tools as well as battle programming. Programming had 4 big classifications namely close combat, long range, explosive and defensive kinds. The one that Sheyan encountered was the close combat class T-750 terminator, its programming and equipments all suited for close combat. He could now understand why the Terminator did not utilize any firepower, it was not programmed with the specifications of utilizing firearms or explosives, using it would be a disaster!

“Then...” Sheyan’s thick black brows jumped. He suddenly recalled something. That was the other T-750 terminator that he witnessed. Its gun skills had such precision, naturally, Sheyan was able to deduce that its programming was a proficient in light firearms one. Also, that T-750 Terminator was not really hindered even after receiving an assault from the Delta anti-terror task force, which meant that he should be wearing the point to point “Support” artificial skin! Therefore, its threat towards Sheyan was extremely low, once Sheyan could come close, he could totally destroy the Terminator not programmed for close combat .

Sheyan was extremely decisive, he knew “knowing thyself and thy enemies” will lead him to triumph in a hundreds of battles. Faced with such good news, it was impossible to stop him as he discarded any thoughts of leaving but instead started plotting. His only concern was: If this T-750 Terminator was equipped with a light armament tracking system, being able to scan its surroundings for any light firearms or ammunition within a 200 metre radius. If it was able to locate a hi-power pistol like the M500/ Desert Eagle and was prepared for it, then it would be extremely disadvantageous for Sheyan.

In all things, there will always be probabilities. Ahead was the northern district of Los Angeles, also acclaimed as the upper class district. Street safety and civilians living environments were all extremely in order, crime rate was lower here than the southern gangster plagued district by 20%. America had a freedom of firearms policy, and it was virtually impossible for the people living here did

not possess a gun. However, under the law coupled with such a peaceful and safe environment, possessing a light firearm with much higher lethal potential were still a possibility. Furthermore, the police as well as the Delta anti-terror task force had already consumed a great deal of them Terminator's ammunition. That was the main reason Sheyan once again decided to tread on muddy waters! (Chinese idiom meaning treading on dangerous grounds)

After a short moment of resting and simple medical treatment, Sheyan's condition had recovered to about 80% of his fullest potential. To have such good regeneration, one reason was because of his high points on physique, and the second reason was that all his wounds were purely superficial. If one's wounds were extremely serious, then this would influence the body's regenerative capabilities. Listing a simple example, if Sheyan had suffered a huge fracture in battle, he would have needed more than an hour to recover.

Within these few minutes, Sheyan had also heard a distant shootings and explosions which signified that the battle against the T-750 terminator had not yet ended. Casually putting on a set of clothes he found in the kitchen, he immediately headed off on his motorbike towards the ruckus.

From a distance of 2-3 km, Sheyan could see from afar groups of terrified civilians screaming and fleeing. Some were only wearing their underwear. There were also several roadblocks set up by the Los Angeles police. These roadblocks primary intention was to keep any external parties from entering the hostile zone. Simply speaking it was to prevent any sort of movement between regions. Sheyan charging in now wasn't a problem, he just had no way of avoiding a conflict with the police. However, Sheyan had already anticipated this situation, he parked his motorbike from afar. Wearing his sunglasses, he frantically ran forward, raising both hands in a frenzied manner while shouting at the top of his lungs:

““Oh noo! You bastards! Let me in! My poor Billie is still stuck at home! That crazy lunatic will surely kill him!”

The policeman raised his brows at Sheyan, it was hard to handle or negotiate with such an agitated civilian. Especially under this horrifying circumstance where an outburst can trigger a large scale panic and riot. America was also a country based on valuing the views of every citizen, therefore, the two

policeman immediately rushed to calm Sheyan down. However, they never expected Sheyan to had such strength and power. With a cry of anger, Sheyan easily shoved them aside, breaching the road block and running into the chaos.

Met with such a scene, the policemen looked at each other helplessly. At the end of the day this guy only wishes to go back to his house, how could they shoot him in the back? Pursuing and capturing him is a better idea, but this guy was like a madman with insane speed, in the blink of an eye he was already so far away.... The few policemen looked around, and then changed their gaze in unison as they all decided to ignore what had just happened.

Sheyan could easily tell from the bullet holes on the floor, both sides used a 9mm gun. Looking at this, Sheyan felt very blessed with his innate skill Endurance, enabling these impossible to dodge attacks much less threatening. It was at this moment, a low groan could be heard from the nearby building, followed by a sound of “Ge Ge Ge!”

This sound was very gentle and short on the ears, as ordinary people would never notice it. However, Sheyan was always more cautious than others, as if walking on thin ice all the time. His heart skipped a beat, as he unconsciously headed into the nearby building with big steps.

As he was nearing the building, Sheyan could smell a stench of strong fresh blood. His heart naturally became more on guard. His natural high perceptive sensing was able to sense danger ahead by a few seconds, thus he wasn't the least bit anxious. He gently crept closer to the entrance, and abruptly without any notice, pushed open the door.

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chapter 19

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Chapter 19: The secret behind the title

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

The first image that entered Sheyan's view was the corpse of a Los Angeles policeman. The corpse had a horrifying expression, pale white hands still clutching his chest tightly. Fresh blood was dripping out of a small hole from his neck. Five similar looking corpses spread out over the living room. The air gave off a stench of death and blood.

At the corner of the living room, there was a dying Los Angeles policeman struggling as he held onto the fresh wound on his neck. Blood was everywhere as his throat could only squeeze out a choking sound. That was the sound of the windpipe having been slit. His eyes were reddening white and the eyeball had rolled up, as his hair was currently tugged by a hand in a white glove. That familiar bearded man whom Sheyan had come across twice raised his head, with an astounded look, he looked over at Sheyan.

Both eyes interlocked, the intensity of their gaze felt like it could spark a fire, as both remained motionless.

An awkward pause.

Sheyan leaned his head, glancing at the bodies lying on the ground. He then coldly said:

Looks like you are trying to complete the 'Tracherous ally' milestone?"

Tracherous ally's requirement was to slaughter 50 policemen in this world. Beardy specifically acted against Los Angeles policemen, which was why Sheyan could immediately accuse him. Beardy gently released the policeman, replying softly:

"That's right."

Sheyan could feel this person's indifferent and contemptuous spirit, as he slipped out an unknown grin. According to the norm, the close combat specialist Sheyan should be trying to shorten the distance between his opponent. Yet Sheyan was actually retreating with an imposing look in his face, lifting his shirt, he pressed his hand on the holster of the M500 pistol lodged to his waist. It was as though he was going to pull the pistol out and start firing the next second.

Obviously, Sheyan was trying to give an impression of a gunman, with that threatening look and retreating stance, his goal was to invite his opponent to charge to him. At that moment when his opponent burst forth against him....

Beardy was rather experienced and knowledgeable. With one glance he could tell that the pistol on Sheyan's waist was the terrifying weapon known as the 'hand cannon'. His expression changed saying:

"What do you want?"

Sheyan answered irrelevantly:

"You are pretty bold, killing policemen will greatly increase your crime index, in the end the Delta anti-terror task force would target you. Aren't you not one bit afraid?"

Beardy stared intently at Sheyan before replying:

"Do you know the attributes rewarded from attaining the title for completing 'Traacherous ally'?"

After listening Sheyan remained emotionless and replied:

"I have detailed information of the T-750 Terminator on hand."

Both parties possessed something beneficial to the other, although there was no movement, the real battle was in the conversation itself. Sheyan's information stirred Beardy's heart, as he curiously pursued:

"Why not we exchange through our nightmare imprint? I'll exchange information on the title 'Traacherous ally' in addition to the method of killing policemen without repercussions of being wanted for your information."

Sheyan had pondered earlier about this method. The nightmare imprint during a trade has an acknowledgement criteria, which ensures that both parties trade

information with ease. However, its flaw was that utility points had to be used as trading fees. Cutting off a segment of the T-750 Terminator information, and an additional 50 points of utility points given to the Nightmare imprint, he very quickly received a relevant report:

Title: Treacherous ally

Sole equipment

Equipment effects: If the opponent you attack has no crime index, his damage received increases by 100%, item/equipment loot rate increases by 100%.

Title next level promotion criteria: If you managed to kill 150 policemen in this terminator world, (Your total damage dealt to each policeman must exceed 50 points)

Method of killing policemen without repercussions: After you kill a policeman, the crime index will rise at a shocking speed. However, if when killing him there are no eyewitnesses or you similarly get rid of the eyewitnesses, then your criminal activities will be listed as unsolved and your criminal index will immediately drop back after 10 minutes. However, there will still be a small bit of crime index left.

Obviously, this title's greatest point was being able to increase the probability of loot drops. Also the method of killing policemen from Beardy was seemingly feasible. Only... to the current Beardy, wouldn't Sheyan be considered one of those eyewitness? If he were to silence Sheyan, he did not know that Sheyan was like a hungry wolf hiding its teeth beneath the snow (Chinese idiom meaning a hungry beast hiding its true abilities), waiting in anticipation since long ago!

At this tiny critical moment, a police siren pierced the air, it must be several Los Angeles policemen rushing to reinforce this area. Under these circumstances, if both sides were to cross hands, the fighting and gun sounds may attract a large deal of policemen. Even worse, there were several dead policemen on the floor! Both parties would definitely want to avoid that scenario as they both slowly retreated and finally left after achieving a safety gap.

After leaving the building, Sheyan realized that the sirens were from a passing police car and there wasn't any danger. Sheyan surveyed his surroundings, as he headed off in the direction of gun fire sounds. After passing by several blocks of

building, a huge black police car appeared in front of Sheyan. That was the legendary Delta anti-terror task force's vehicle. Currently, the driver seat was left wide open, as Sheyan glanced inside there was no one in sight, even blood stains splashed all around the interior.

Sheyan's heart trembled, but still proceeded to enter the driver seat after making sure there were no one and casually flipped open the walkie talkie inside. Present year 1984, the fast communication technology advances was not as far as the 21st century. Its main form of communication was the walkie talkie. After a moment of static, an anxious voice transmitted over:

"Suspect has entered the third main street, cluster seven, requesting for aid. I repeat, requesting for aid. There is an additional 5 casualties, requesting for the medics."

"Third main street, cluster seven..." Sheyan gently nodded his head as his lips curled up. Suddenly, he suddenly felt a faint warmth against his back, as a soft voice could be heard from within the car's trunk:

"Raise your... hands. Raise both yours hands behind your neck.... kneel."

There was actually someone in the car's trunk!

Sheyan followed the instructions, raising both hands slowly but his eyes was currently focused on the rear view mirror. His heart skipped a beat. The person aiming his gun at Sheyan was someone dressed in full black, therefore camouflaging himself. Wearing a black face mask, even both his hands were wearing black gloves. This must be one of the Delta anti-terror task force member.

However he looked extremely weak now, leaning against the car's side as he sat. His left hand was holding onto a cloth that was dyed red against his neck, his right hand holding onto an ordinary police revolver. A huge amount of clothes were scattered to his side. When Sheyan entered the vehicle, he only noticed that the car's interior were messy with a bunch of clothes mix together. He did not notice anyone's figure.

Looking back, it shouldn't be because of this guy's camouflage but because he had lost too much blood and felt cold. Therefore, he had covered himself up with the clothings, which caused Sheyan to miss him.

“Hais.” Sheyan sighed in a remorseful tone as he spoke softly:

“You shouldn’t have appeared here.”

He wildly swung around, looking at this Delta anti-terror task force member who had a strong murderous look in his eyes! This heavily injured combatant was still an experienced veteran as he fired off without hesitation! The burning hot projectiles shot into Sheyan’s face, throat, heart as blood spurted everywhere. However, Sheyan ferociously charged forward, as the bullets were spraying in midair, Sheyan had already raised his clenched right fist. A shimmering metallic radiated, as his futuristic hand armour had already surfaced!

With one strike, Sheyan smashed against the task force member’s throat!

The task force member’s eyes puffed out exaggeratedly, he looked as though he was a dead fish. His body immediately convulsed forward, while collapsing he had already lost his life. Sheyan could smell a strong sickening odour, as he looked down at the devastatingly mutilated clump of neck remains!

At this moment, the squeezed out bullet projectiles lodged inside Sheyan’s skin started scattering on the floor producing several metal clinking sounds.

This Anti-terror task force member possessed an ordinary police revolver which was completely useless against Sheyan. However, already heavily injured, he could not resist one blow from Sheyan. If in his hands were the threatening anti-terror grade weapon, then Sheyan would have complied obediently. Sheyan’s bold behavior, was because task force member had initially been heavily injured; that Terminator was even able to shed blood inside the vehicle from 100 metres out. This shows that the Delta anti-terror task force was a glass cannon with high damage but low defence. They could kill an enemy easily in a moment, but at the same time could easily be wiped out by the enemy in a moment.....

chapter 20

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Chapter 20: Baiting poison!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

After killing this anti-terror task force member, Sheyan's crime index surged up rapidly. Yet the victim only dropped one loot which was the necklace hanging on his neck. The words "not identified" engraved on it, widely disappointing Sheyan. What was encouraging was that the 'Traacherous ally' milestone sprung to life, showing completion 5/50. Killing a Delta anti-terror task force member was actually equivalent to killing five ordinary policemen!

Following that, he immediately examined critically the entire trunk of the vehicle but did not find any of those threatening black firearms. However, he found several normal police revolvers, and about 100 rounds. Sheyan kept the items that he found, tossing them into a backpack he was carrying and swiftly left the vehicle.

The distant gunshots started to sound more intense and urgent, as though the Death God was battling against God. In just a short span of time, Sheyan had witnessed at least two ambulances speeding off with their casualties. Obviously, the firefight against the Terminator had not been very generous to the Los Angeles police force.

However, Sheyan did not simply follow the sound of the firefight. He carefully observed his surroundings, he then covered his face with the mask he prepared earlier on and proceeded to lift out the nearby sewer lid. A strong unexplainable stench was forced into his nose, Sheyan's eyebrows twitched at the smell as he hastily climbed down.

The visibility inside here was very low, in addition it was dirty and the murky water stunk the air. Once in awhile, waves of thick fog would blow past, as Sheyan could only squint his eyes and continued forward. He found a small black

storeroom that the sanitation workers used to place their tools. Disregarding the filth, he sat on the floor motionless.

What was he doing?

Seconds went by, Sheyan remained steady as he sat in the same position. His breathing became gentle but steady. Every breath was like a stable fierce and precise punch. In the darkness, filthy and humid environment, Sheyan felt like his own heart was as graceful as the flowing waters. Within in was a soft dark feeling. Presently, he could even hear the larvae breeding and swimming about in the sewage water, water splashing about. The water splattered upon impact as it slowly dissolved into the soil..... Suddenly, the ground started shaking!

Clear, rhythmic vibrations.

Sheyan opened his eyes, waking out of that weird state he was in. Currently his physique/spirit/willpower had reached to a maximum, even the wounds he had received earlier from the task force member had stopped bleeding, healed, patched up and in its place was his perfect skin. Although he could not reach a perfect state of understanding of the environment he was in, Sheyan was still able to distinctly sense:

“It’s here.”

Yes, following Sheyan’s arrangement, why wouldn’t the futuristic mysterious assailant T-750 Terminator come, why wouldn’t it? To the Terminator whose sole purpose of living was to kill, anything that could aid in its massacre was its food, women, wealth and its dreams!

Within this region, the long ranged proficient Terminator could use his built in light firearms detector to search for any light firearm within the 200 meter radius. However, these weapons were dispersed sparsely throughout the district. To collect or use these weapons was extremely inconvenient, thus the Terminator had to continually rampage around in search of ammunition. Hence at this moment, there were suddenly 5-6 police revolvers, several hundred ammunition concentrated together showing up on its radar! Thus, the Terminator very naturally charged forward with great speed following its radar.

It was like a wolf that caught the scent of a group of sheeps, or a fish that saw fish bait.

Sheyan's lips curved into a slight grin, he took in a deep breath. Before he exhaled, the underground sewage storeroom metal door was kicked wide open. "BAM!" amidst the filth and dirt, the metal door smashed against the back wall, finally clattering to the ground.

The T-750 Terminator emerged from the door entrance, under the dim lighting, it looked extremely menacing. A great deal of its artificial skin had been blown off, while the remaining skin hung loosely from its body, exposing a cold shimmering metallic skeleton. Its left eyeball was also damaged, what was in its place was now just a deep dark hole. Inside, it was emitting a red ghastly laser. It looked viciously cold.

Sheyan stared intently at the T-750's metallic appearance. He could see a layer of greyish membrane that was normally easily ignored, that should be the point to point "support" artificial skin. At least in this world, this equipment was a gunman's nightmare. The T-750 was swaying clumsily as it walked forward, as it was clearly seen that the artificial skin covering its left knee joint had been completely burned off. This was a distinct injury, which should be the injury sustained from the space-time convergence. The main reason why it appeared in this world with only 70% of its power!

The T-750 similarly stared over, however, his eyes were on the backpack beside Sheyan. Its chilling red eyes flickered, raising its metallic wrist the firearm on his hand started spraying out bullets. 3 bullets lodged into Sheyan's forehead, throat and chest, as the piercing sound of gunshots finally dissipated into the dirty and dead environment.

Raising its leg, stepping forward, and bending its waist, the steel hands actively reached for the backpack strapping it onto its shoulder. Afterwards he reached out his hand to Sheyan's waist where the M500 hi-power pistol was residing. According to the T-750's initial calculation and judgement, once the bullet successfully entered this living creature it would be rendered dead. Furthermore, the bullets landed fatally into the head, throat and heart area, this creature would definitely lose any hint of resistance. The probability of surviving even with three lives is less than 1%.

Therefore, it was completely unprepared.

At this moment, Sheyan exploded forth, roaring out mightily as he launched a fist in assault!

Sheyan's fist was now surrounded by a cobalt steel exoskeleton, making his fist appear massive and exhibit an oppressive pressure! Sparks flew everywhere! After the clattering sound of a metallic collision, this one fist landed precisely on the T-750's existing kneecap wound. Its massive force caused the Terminator to stagger a few steps back, knocking against the filthy greyish wall. "BAM!" a loud sound emerged along with a great puff of dust!

The T-750 Terminator's left knee cap gave off several sparks, however, there was no pain. There was neither fear, panic or any form of emotion. Raising its gun It fired immediately!

"Boom Boom Boom!" the sounds of gunfire filled this space once again. Blazing hot bullets surged across the dusty atmosphere, aiming towards Sheyan's eyes. Suddenly a hand intercepted it and proceeded to pinch the gun firmly!

Sheyan of course had no way to protect his naked eyes from such an assault, to be able to grab the rounds in midair, that basically required ones agility to be at least 30 points or even 50 points! However, he could predict what this metallic beast in front of him would do and prepare his next course of action! Before the Terminator managed to trigger his weapon, Sheyan had already completely covered his eyes with his right hand!

Fresh blood flowed out from the covering hand. The T-750 terminator was currently using a Belgium based Browning 9mm hi-power pistol. Its power was higher than the normal Los Angeles police revolver, hence it was able to penetrate into Sheyan's flesh. However, when the rounds encountered the rock solid bones, they were unable to penetrate, not even one inch. The steel projectile head distorted from the overwhelming surging power, stopping inside the flesh and then was squeezed out by the sturdy muscles.

"The magazine rounds had been fully expended."

Sheyan let out an evil grin, loosening his hands, the bullets fell gently into the thick mud. His leg muscles had already tensed up with strength as he stomped down! While pouncing forth, Sheyan's left hand fist had swept forward, as a

gigantic metal exoskeleton surfaced onto his fist, heavily aiming for the Terminator's left arm!

“BAM!” Cracks surfaced on the walls of the mini storeroom, as the entire sewer shook. Sheyan did not attack the T-750 Terminator's hand but instead the pistol it was holding on to. Under the heavy pressure of the cobalt steel exoskeleton armour, the Browning pistol's metal body distorted inward and broke, turning into a piece of scrap metal.

The pistol had lost its firing capability, apart from using it as tool to strike others. Until now, Sheyan's battle plans had all been met, the wounded knee had lost its mobility, the weapon had lost its functionality. Yet the distance between the two was within hand reach.

Even though it was under such a disadvantage, the T-750 Terminator managed to follow its own battle programming and accurately counter attacked. It used the right hand that was just attacked to cover its chest, then using its left hand, it ripped open Sheyan's backpack. Reaching out for the police revolver inside. However, Sheyan remained ignorant as he repeatedly pounded on the T-750 Terminator's left knee cap.

The dim lights flickered in the sewage. Sheyan executed a flying kick with both legs, as the T-750 Terminator was thrown off the ground smashing heavily against the wall. The old wall couldn't withstand the pressure anymore, as it collapsed to the ground. The T-750 Terminator then crashed into the drain beside it. After the heavily wounded left knee plunged into the water, it produced a static “chi chi chi” piercing sound. Light blue electric currents frenziedly jolted about and finally extinguished into just a smelly vapour as it filled the air.

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chapter 21

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Chapter 21: Ruthlessness

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Looking again at the T-750 Terminator's knee cap, there was a shocking huge burnt mark, and the loose electric cables looked like dead snakes that coiled up together. A short circuit had occurred and the affected parts were no longer functional! The best way to put it was: The T-750 Terminator has turned into a cripple, losing a big portion of its mobility!

Sheyan's careful schemings had finally reaped its rewards. This T-750 Terminator was transported here after triggering the region's storyline, its powers were naturally lowered due to the injuries caused from travelling through the space-time convergence. Lowering down to 70% of its maximum potential.

Afterward, it also got involved in a showdown with the Los Angeles Police force/ Delta anti-terror task force, again sapping more of its strength. Finally, the most important was that its acclaimed point to point support artificial skin's capabilities were vastly incompatible with Sheyan, rendering it useless. Under such circumstances, the T-750 Terminator was pressured into a sorry state as though it had no counter measures!

The T-750 Terminator raised its head, using its emotionless red eyes to glare at Sheyan, still tightly gripping onto the backpack with its left hand. They were 4 metres apart, nobody was able to stop the T-750 Terminator from once again activating the gun in his hand, and spraying a rain of bullets at his enemy! No matter how strong Sheyan's innate ability was, he would not be able to withstand such, wild, frenzied firing at pointblank.

In an instant, the T-750 Terminator fished out two police revolvers from the backpack, aiming their black barrels toward Sheyan's body, he released a

terrifying rain of bullets. However, there wasn't a single gunfire sound. Amidst the still silent atmosphere in the sewers, only an annoying consistent clicking sound could be heard.

Cutting a long bulky figure underneath the dim light of the sewer, Sheyan folded his hands on his chest as his face leaked out a cunning laugh saying:

"These guns were in my possession for an entire 37 minutes and 11 seconds, did you think I would just sit still and let you use them against me?"

After speaking Sheyan raised his right hand as a pile of firing pins dropped to the ground. He looked at the T-750 Terminator's eyes that were exhibiting a beastly hunger, filled with insatiable rage and a hysterical ferocity.

"Right now, you can't run and you can't fight...! You... are dead meat!"

The T-750 Terminator tossed away the damaged pistols in his hand. The blood from Sheyan's facial wounds covered his face, forming a cruel expression. He let out a battle cry from within his throat, and pounced forward! The M500 pistol at his waist looked extremely noticeable in its place.

"Peng peng peng" the sounds of combat filled the air, there was the sound of metal colliding as well as the sound of ripping flesh. Both parties were wrapped up inside these smelly and dark sewers. There were like two cornered beasts wildly trying to tear off a chunk of each other's flesh.

Although this T-750 Terminator was programmed for long range battle, it was still a Terminator, a mechanical assassin from the future! Its bones of steel were still extremely tough and durable, coupled with its agile composition of mechanical parts it ensured it could create a reign of terror anywhere.

Sheyan's had bruises everywhere even his eyes, and he had even lost 5-6 of his teeth. Blood freely flowing from his mouth, he panted heavily as if there was an old bellows placed underground here. Furthermore, the metal fingers of the Terminator were now tightly grabbing onto the M500 pistol lodged against Sheyan's waist.

This particular gun was not in the same class as a police revolver! Even an elephant would be in trouble if it was faced with this threatening weapon.

Injuries covered Sheyan's body, if he was hit by that weapon, that will really

point a disaster. At the point, the T-750 Terminator was extremely calm, grim and never slacking in its efforts to turn the tides around!

The T-750 Terminator already possessed an intellect higher than an average person, previously he had been tricked by Sheyan with the dummy pistols, he would never make the same mistake again. Using its laser eyes to scan the M500 pistol, he ensured that the weapon was fully functional. Hence, once the Terminator confirmed it could utilize this weapon, it immediately charged forward.

Sheyan was awaiting for this opportunity, shooting out both hands as swift as lightning, he grabbed onto the metallic head of the T-750 Terminator. His hand clasped tightly onto the tough and rough flesh of the Terminator!

This action of clasping looked like a pair of lovers, caressing each other's faces, it even exhibited a warmth. However, Sheyan's sudden uproar ruined the sweet moment! Forcing his hands together, as hard as iron against iron, the strength was unimaginable! At this moment, the M500 pistol was already in the T-750 Terminator's robotic hand, the black barrel raised upwards and aiming towards Sheyan's heart!

"Crr...Crackk!" The T-750 Terminator's head was actually forcefully twisted a full 270 degrees by Sheyan! Within the neck area shot forth a mess of light blue electric currents, followed by smoke billowing out. Sheyan was actually currently being electrocuted by the currents, as his body trembled wildly. Simultaneously, a tiny explosion went off inside the M500 pistol and a bright gun fire shot out, heading for Sheyan's head!

Under normal circumstances, unless it had completely lost the ability to resist, it was impossible for someone to twist the head of the T-750 Terminator into such an ugly and sorry state. However, Sheyan utilized the Terminator's programming and the M500 pistol to his advantage, laying down such a frightening pitfall for the Terminator!

Blood dripped down from the tip of Sheyan's head. One drip, two drip... his hands pressed against his head, as he heavily gasped for air. His entire body was vibrating violently, as a burnt plastic smell emerged from his head. This one shot brushed against his left cheekbone, forming a long burnt scar up his face. The

deep flesh gorge extended from his cheekbone all the way to the ear, even exposing Sheyan's facial bone. If this was his previous world, then this would be frighteningly dangerous!

The T-750 Terminator stubbornly struggled on, however, it had already lost control of itself, as though it was drunk as it stumbled around clumsily. Yet he was still focused! Clear and distinctly, both red lasers were flickering extensively within his eyes, one deeper inside as the eyeball was wrecked previously. It looked like any second the light would extinguish.

Yet it still forcefully aimed the gun at Sheyan! However, the originally stable hands were now trembling excessively like a candle flame that was about to burn out.

"BANG!" The projectile shot forth from the M500, piercing into a nearby waste pipe, unstoppable, it carried on and struck the wall behind causing a huge stampede of dust, and a deep crevice in the wall. However, the projectile did not land where the user wanted it to land.

A small problem ripples into a huge consequence, the T-750 Terminator's aim was off by only 2cm but the bullet landed a full 2 meters away from the target.

Amidst the dusty and dirty atmosphere, the bloodied Sheyan looked like a wild beast. An enraged and injured wild beast. His breathing was loud and distinct, within his gaze was an indomitable murderous intent!

He charged forward toward the T-750 Terminator, as distinct and loud collision of metal sounds masked the softer flesh pounding sounds in the air. If this was a normal Terminator, then Sheyan would have already died ten times over from receiving such blows. However, Sheyan was a wild beast that neglected huge external blows to his body, a wild beast that was currently panting heavily with a mouth full of blood.

Suddenly! The piercing sound of electric currents filled the air, light blue electricity shot forth everywhere, intertwining and extending out. Wildly whirling about, it extended for a huge radius of 10 metres!

Sheyan tolerated the searing pain, grabbing the metal skull of the T-750 Terminator. With a battle roar, his body muscles tensed up, swelling as hard as iron, he attempted to uproot the entire head off. The cables beneath the head

ripped frighteningly apart like blood vessels, leaving a sight of cruelty and horror!

Uprooting the head, Sheyan raised it up majestically into the air towards the heavens, shaking violently he let out a frenzied roar at the top of his voice!

Yes, he finally confirmed, he deeply enjoyed the thrill of battle, the crazy adrenaline just at the entrance of death, this sort of living was thoroughly fulfilling. The feeling of being able to trample on the unjust and unfair regulations of this world.

When the T-750 Terminator jumped down into the sewers, nobody witnessed it happening. The policemen on the surface became more cautious, as they used an entire 10 minutes to find traces of the T-750 Terminator jumping into the sewers. They then sent a team down into the sewers to search for about half an hour. Accurately speaking, after 47 minutes and 19 seconds, they finally managed to come across the battle scene. However at this time, Sheyan had already fled far away.

“Hu...” Sheyan laid down in a bathtub, satisfied he exhaled loudly. The warm waters swirled against his body, releasing the fatigue from his bones one at a time. His body full of filth and blood was thoroughly washed clean in the warm 50 degrees water. The clear water in the bathtub was the only thing getting dirtier and murky.

Sheyan stood up from the bathtub, the water flowing off from the creases on his body, as he begun to examine his body. This wasn't him being vain, but it was to observe the wounds on his body. The wounds from his consecutive battles today had already started closing. Following this regenerative speed, after a night's rest his wounds would have healed completely.

Using his towel to wrap himself, Sheyan sat down on a nearby sofa. The naked Sheyan reached out for something on the coffee table – a key that did not belong in this world. This key was obviously the loot dropped by the long range proficient T-750 Terminator.

chapter 22

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Chapter 22: Rewards and anticipations

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Having experienced using the key previously, using it now was like a walk in the park for Sheyan. The chest once again contained two items, and that CPU microchip (Damaged) again was one of it. However the second object looked unique, like it was not from this world.

It was an object that was wrapped up into a cylinder, and it looked to be at least 20 metres long. The initial impression it gave to people was that of a rolled up map, as it radiated a soft glow on its surface.

Sheyan reached his hand in, atop his fingertips he felt a soft yet heavy feeling, it was like feeling a sheepskin from the medieval age. Ancient and mysterious, as though it was concealing a thick accumulation of history. Following this, the Nightmare imprint notification came:

“You have acquired a light firearms proficiency scroll.”

Light firearms proficiency scroll

Rarity: Light blue

Usage effect: Basic mastery of new ability: Light firearms proficiency lvl 1.

Usage requirements: Agility 15 points, perceptive sense 10 points, strength 8 points

Description: Scroll classifications can be separated to three types namely Basic mastery, proficient mastery and expert mastery . Expert mastery was the most uncommon, but yielded the highest capability enhancing effect.

Further explanation: Light firearms proficiency lvl 1, allows you to familiarize and grasp hand gun/ light submachine guns – light firearms type of usage abilities. Increasing fixed shooting accuracy (Relative to 10 target hoops in

50metres) to 85, moving shot accuracy to 45. Reloading rate increased by 10. (TN: raw did not mention the numerical classification, whether % or points)

“Agility.... Needs 15 points?” Sheyan’s eyes popped out widely. Speaking truthfully, he adored that M500 pistol and also envied his childhood television heroes who were excellent gunmen. When Sheyan saw the scroll, his heart beat wildly with excitement, however he was stunned when he saw the agility requirement. Understandably, Sheyan was still new to this world, even after his digital transformation, his agility was only 9 points! There was such a huge disparity, how was he going to fill the gap?

“Shit!” Sheyan cursed, trashing the scroll down onto the table. Suddenly he noticed a notification at the back of the scroll: You must first train basic long range combat to lvl 4 before maximizing the potential of the light firearms proficiency ability. This crushed Sheyan’s spirit even further.

This feeling of anticipation and suspense leading to excessive sweating was something Sheyan had not experienced in a long time. Sheyan paced back and forth feeling frustrated, as he stared at the scroll with frustration as though he wanted to immediately shred the scroll.

As Sheyan paced about, he suddenly understood something: Isn’t this sort of feeling of frustration and defeat what he wanted? These feelings were only brought out along with the anticipation and thrill of the battle, wasn’t that what he longed for secretly in his heart?”

He grabbed a bottle of red wine beside him and drank a mouthful, suddenly relieved, he burst out in laughter as he tossed away his initial thoughts to the back of his mind.

His body was feeling fatigue, yet Sheyan was not one bit sleepy. The battle scenes from the two Terminators were repeatedly broadcasting in his mind, feeling the fears, the anxiety as well as the excitement and competitiveness once again. The two Terminators both had obvious weak points. In actual fact if not for their artificial skin being damaged, exposing the metal interior and enabling their circuits to come into contact with water, they would not have been so short lived. Today’s battle advantage was great at the start, all because of their initial injury from coming through the Space-time convergence. What if he had

encountered a Terminator operating at 100% maximum potential? Sheyan did not dare think of this notion.

After reflecting on his battles, he switched on the television as he sat on the sofa watching it. He ordered a few night snacks to compliment this, and suddenly an emergency news broadcast attracted his attention:

“Los Angeles latest crime report, public security has taken a turn for the worst. According to special crime investigations, sources claim that this was related to colombian drug peddlers and the mafia. At around 9:30 PM in the night, two suspects infiltrated a Los Angeles district 14 and carried out criminal activities on the inhabitant Miles Dyson but were shot dead by the local security guards on scene.”

“Miles Dyson?” Sheyan felt this name was vaguely familiar, this was the perfect time to utilize the thick telephone book, and he retrieved the information with ease. Sheyan’s expression turned gloomy, as the name Miles Dyson had the words Cyberdyne computer company.Advanced engineer behind it. This person was the “Skynet” system’s main designer!

Very obvious, the two dead suspects were most likely contestants of this Terminator world. These two should be fairly familiar with the movie plotline, investigated that Miles Dyson was a main character of focus in the future, and probably was in possession of huge mysteries and benefits.

Regretfully, the Los Angeles police force was able to summon the Delta anti-terror task force at such a critical moment. Then the Cyberdyne computer company which had secret connections with the military, definitely had insane security defensive mechanisms. This was something which was to be expected. This is liken to an example of the present world: Qian Xuesen (a chinese scientist and aeronautical engineer 1911 -2009), had a personal protection squadron 8341 which provided 24 hours maximum security.

(Notice: 8341 squadron was the number 1 central security team, where the great ancestor changed the name to 8341 squadron. There was a hidden meaning behind the numbers. The great ancestor lived till 83 years old, taking command in 1935 until 1976 where he passed away. A total of 41 years that is why the combined name was 8341. Any order for the squadron must come from

the great ancestor himself, no one else were capable of commanding them. Every time the 8341 squadron had a new recruit, the grand ancestor would be there to witness personally. Rumor has it the Zhongnanhai (Central HQ of the communist party) bodyguards were their other alias.

Looking at the two bodies covered with a white cloth being carried into a vehicle, Sheyan squinted his eyes. He wasn't stupid, he knew the logic of the higher the risk the greater the rewards by heart. He could deduce that if one was able to render Miles Dyson, a person of such great significance to Skynet, in their control or getting rid of him, then one will surely reap exceedingly great rewards. Needless to say, these two contestants were definitely out of the ordinary, unfortunately they paid the price of trying to reach for something that was out of their power.

"The returning deadline is tomorrow afternoon at approximately 4, what should i do in the meantime?" Sheyan was deeply pondering as he leaned on the sofa, carefully plotting his moves. Looking at this world, it naturally contained great opportunities, yet the opportunities all came with an underlying threat of unknown magnitude.

Just like today's sudden encounter with the terminator, Sheyan was originally scheming and cautious, yet he still wasn't able to prevent activating the merciless assassin, the T-750 Terminator. Sheyan planned everything beforehand, yet his victories were only attained after an intensive, unclear, battle to the death.

Yet the main point was that Sheyan chose to voluntarily participate in the battle which exposed him to these great dangers. Primarily, these missions had great flexibility, leaving a choice for the contestant to decide for themselves.

For example for today's encounter with the two Terminators, if the contestant felt that his powers were insufficient, then he could choose to hide and wait out until the police force/Delta anti-terror task force came after 10 minutes. After the Terminator was eliminated, he can then proceed to destroy the time-space convergence, completing his mission without having to face much threats. This was what Beardy did. Of course, this method would not reap the benefits of solo killing the Terminator.

“If my predictions are correct, then there should be another regional triggering point near the important landmark of Skynet – the Cyberdyne computer company. The triggering criteria should be a contestant entering the company’s region with a threatening weapon. Then Skynet’s defensive mechanism would be successfully activated. However... according to the news broadcast, the scene of the unlucky two contestants, if a battle were to break out at that region, very likely that would attract the attention of both the FBI special forces and the Terminator.

“Forget it....” Sheyan drank a mouthful of red wine, gently shaking his head. He understood his own strength very well, if he met the T-750 Terminator again, his own chances were now only 50-50. Adding in another hostile variable, then death would be the only way out!

Furthermore Skynet was an intelligent and crafty organization, their initial two T-750 assassins were both killed, would they foolishly send another two to die? Meaning to say, if Sheyan were to trigger another region storyline, his opponents would be at least two T-750 Terminator, or even an upgraded Terminator, the T-800!

Courage is a virtue, recklessness is a folly. Looking at the melancholical state of those two individuals, Sheyan did not plan to follow in their footsteps. Therefore, he chose the most dependable plan:

“Cyberdyne computer company is a no go.... However, the Besseterre steakhouse is worth a visit!.”

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chapter 23

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Chapter 23:Extortion and blackmail

Translated by:Chua

Edited by:I

The next day, Sheyan woke up early and had a sumptuous breakfast before heading off to 11th main street where the Cyberdyne computer company was located. Initially, the traffic was pretty smooth, however, once Sheyan was about to reach his destination, he experienced the full force of a Los Angeles super heavy traffic jam. It was worst than a typical jam from Sheyan's previous world.

The helpless Sheyan had to note down the Cyberdyne's exact location and get out from the cab to walk. The company's building infrastructure was constructed to be very extravagant, and was magnificently superior than the average Los Angeles high rise buildings. From afar, one was able to identify the building easily even from its massive logo, getting lost was impossible to Sheyan.

After leaving, Sheyan sensed an overwhelming danger in his heart. That feeling was like standing at the pinnacle of a high rise building without a railing to stop you from falling, causing Sheyan to feel very cautious. As he progressed on, the dangerous feeling on became thicker.....

The good thing was that his destination wasn't the dangerous hotspot Cyberdyne company, but the Bassatterre Steakhouse that was about a hundred plus metres away from the company. This steakhouse's environment wasn't very prim and proper. It looked old with oil stains everywhere, even the seat cushions were wrinkled and torn. Fortunately, their food was fantastic which attracted a large crowd, as Sheyan waited for half an hour before getting a seat.

Sheyan was having a humble cup of coffee, if he had to narrate what he was thinking into words, then there was simply not enough words to do so. After 30 seconds, Sheyan noticed that the bald headed male with a brandy nose, sitting 3 persons away from him was his target: Engineer Vincent. He also knew that he

had some time before Vincent finished his breakfast.

Vincent's appetite was fantastic, several empty plates were already piling up on his table. When Sheyan looked over, he was currently tackling a thick three-layered thick meat sandwich. In addition to that was a hot glass of oatmeal cereal drink, as he contentedly munched away at his food.

Waving his hand, he settled Vincent's bill along with his. However, this behavior did not warrant a friendly reaction as he wanted to. The confused Vincent flashed a suspicious look at Sheyan while wiping his mouth, as he rudely commented:

”

“I will not be friendly with you just because of that bill. Brat! Nobody can show off in front of me.”

That engineer's character was indeed described accurately by the mission pointer. However Sheyan kept his composure, sincerely looking at Vincent and replied:

“Hey, I have no interest in the work you do in Cyberdyne. 5 Minutes, Mr Vincent, I just need 5 minutes of your time. If you still decide to leave, then I will personally escort you out to leave.”

As Sheyan spoke, he noticed Vincent's yellowish fingernails and casually offered a cigar to him. Naturally, that cigar worth a hundred dollars managed to convince Vincent to sacrifice a moment of his time. Snorting, he lighted up the cigar. A cigar had an underlying impression of showing one's power and wealth. He happily puffed on the cigar, letting the wonderful aroma linger in his nose and then breathing it out. He closed his eyes in pleasure as he spoke:

“Then speak up.”

Sheyan paused for a moment, giving one an impression of sincere reflection on what he was about to say.

“I'm a civilian that lives near that 77 street – which is the location of the fateful criminal assault on yesterday's news.”

Vincent nodded his head, understanding what he was saying as he coldly muttered:

“4 minutes.”

“Near my house there was an explosion, at that moment i was having an afternoon nap. The windows and glass are shattered, and instantaneously the place was surrounded by policemen. After the policemen settled the assailants, I found this while tidying up my house.”

After speaking, he opened widely his palm to reveal something that looked ordinary. However, it was radiating strange light blue electric currents. It was the mission objective: the Master CPU microchip (Damaged)!

Vincent originally shut his eyes while enjoying the cigar, however, when he opened his eyes to look at the object in Sheyan’s hand, his eyes popped wide open. Following that, his expression became very stern as he reached forward to snatch that item over.

Vincent was a skillful engineer, even one of the important personnel of the company itself. However, he was normally stubborn, along with his explosive personality he offended many, thus, was gradually shunned by his superiors over the years.

Although that was the case, Vincent heard information yesterday that the FBI had found a huge deal of extremely advanced technology, and had returned them to the company. (Following the movie’s plot estimation: Skynet expanded greatly because of the T-800 deadly microchips and body flesh technology advancement). A meeting was already called last night, and decided to pass all these goods to Miles Dyson, very obviously ostracizing Vincent. He knew what yesterday’s meeting meant, yet he knew all these stuffs were in no way beneficial to Sheyan.

After snatching the microchip, he examined it closely as his expression turned into that of a madman, as he started muttering:

“This method of linear conduction... how could it have a carbon composition? The resulting electrons variant will exceed greatly! Shit, what did my eyes just witnessed? Wireless capabilities, how is this possible, Raphael, quick hurry up start up the electric software, Raphael, Ra....”

At this time, Sheyan acquired a new notification from the nightmare imprint.

You successfully handed over the master CPU microchip (damaged) to Vincent.

Side mission: Interact (Complete)

You can now select the following options and acquire your rewards:

A: Give the microchip to Vincent, gaining (10-25) Friendship points, lesser reward bonus. The fixed amount of friendship points gained has a direct link to the contestant's charm.

B: Sell the microchip to Vincent, lowering friendship points by (30-50 points), Medium reward bonus. The fixed amount of friendship points lowered has a direct link to the contestant's charm.

Vincent who was currently lost in his thoughts suddenly got a grip of himself, because Sheyan had retrieved back the microchip that was in his hands. Smiling slyly, Sheyan said:

”

“Now, Mr Vincent should have enough time to discuss certain relevant terms right?”

Vincent paused and suddenly scolded:

“What!? What terms?”

Sheyan laughed:

“The terms of passing to you this microchip.”

Vincent's expression became extremely ugly, lowering his tone as he glared at Sheyan:

“How much do you want? A thousand, two thousand? Ten thousand, damn you! Don't go overboard. With one sound, and those cute policemen would rush in and arrest your greedy ass.”

“But the police will similarly not handover this microchip to you!” Sheyan had a cheeky expression, yet his glare was extremely intense. Although he didn't know Vincent's status, but his intuition actually hit the nail on the head!

“Also, Mr Vincent, please understand, I have already confirmed the value of this object from your reaction. I know that there will be others that want this. If your terms do not satisfy me, then I believe other Cyberdyne engineers will be

delighted to acquire this.”

Vincent’s expression was ugly, like a frustrated beast stuck in a cage. Cursing in his own local language, he fetch out all the money he had in his wallet, and even took out the antique gold watch he was wearing. On top of the gold watch there was an engraving “1944”.

“This greedy devil! Take it, damned, this watch was a heirloom from my father. You can hurry up handover that mysterious microchip and F**k off from my sight. As far as possible, make sure i don’t see your greedy face ever again!”

Sheyan received information on these two items instantaneously:

American dollar (397): tradable, valuable item. Can be brought out of this world, can be exchanged for 133 utility points.

Switzerland golden shell watch (1944)

Equipment type: Accessory

Origin: Switzerland State of Bern (Capital of Switzerland) watch factory

Equipment rarity: white

Equipment effects: Physique + 1

Equipment requirements: none

Material: Iron/aluminium

Weight: 182 grams

Equipment battle rating: 4

Description: My lifetime’s desire is to visit Salt lake city, Capitol of Utah, to be a devout cult disciple, alas this wish can only be fulfilled by my son.

Note: Sheyan’s American dollars are like normal currencies, it will not have any special description from the nightmare imprint. Similarly, a normal watch would have the same effect, and not be able to be carried out of this world.

Looking at these two items, Sheyan wasn’t in a hurry to retrieve it. Gripping tightly onto the microchip, he gave off a mysterious sneer and shook his head. Vincent’s gaze radiated with rage, as he threatened:

“Young man, Greediness will find its way back to you.”

Sheyan sighed, at this moment, he was assuming commanding control of the business negotiation, feeling the thrill of pushing another to his limits:

“My dear Mr Vincent, do not misunderstand, I just want to ask you another question.”

Vincent glared intently at the microchip within Sheyan’s left palm, perspiration leaking out from his nostrils and forehead. He raised his voice loudly:

“What else do you want!”

Sheyan loosened his grip, revealing another replica of the microchip! Vincent’s eyes popped out widely like a goldfish, as he went into a daze. One can imagine the excitement welling up inside Vincent, the blood surging wildly inside his mind.

“I just wanted to inquire, if I sell two chips to you, how much would that be?”

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chapter 24

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Chapter 24: Perfect restoration!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

“What! There are two pieces?!” Vincent’s voice was filled with surprise and excitement. To a researcher, the quantity of their research object directly determines the speed of their research advancement. Vincent only initially had one piece, if the piece broke or something went wrong during experimentation, then his efforts would be fruitless. If Vincent had another piece, his speed at achieving a new technology breakthrough would be unimaginable.

“Then let’s directly talk about our terms.” Vincent composed himself, as he sat down on the chair. He was starting to feel uneasy about this. This damned bastard in front of him executed everything extremely meticulously, managing to play himself right into that guy’s own palm. It was obvious he was thoroughly prepared before he came here.

However, he had on him two items that were a necessity for Vincent, definitely he had already figured his own terms before this. If he could not meet his requirements, then it would be non-negotiable!

Sheyan glanced around cautiously around the messy steakhouse, whispering:

“Is there a quieter place to talk?”

Vincent understood, he himself did not want to divulge any of this secrets to others. Sulking, he stood up:

“My car is pretty big, let’s talk there.”

Vincent’s car was a cross-country leisure jeep. The appearance was exactly like its owner, mottled, thick and solid, he obviously did not care much about appearances. The two entered into the interior of the jeep. Sheyan did not stand on formalities, straightforwardly showcasing his equipment: Cobalt steel

exoskeleton armour (Left arm) (Damaged):

“If you can fix this object to perfection, in addition to what you offered just now, then these two chips are yours.”

Vincent retrieved and examined the exoskeleton armour. The way he examined it was extremely professional, knocking lightly at different spots with his finger while placing his ear close to listen. He also bit on the armour presumably testing the hardness of it. Finally he coldly announced to Sheyan:

“It’s impossible to fix this.”

Vincent then carried on:

“This object’s design concept is so low grade like a rotten sandwich, it’s like it completely just replicated the human structure! Only the small device driver (computing software) has certain redeeming qualities. If you only wish to completely fix it.... My answer is it’s impossible, because this object’s material is very unusual. It has the hardness of steel, yet its elasticity is also incredible. In my predictions, it should be the problem that the Rockefeller Foundation side has always been trying to tackle – Cobalt steel alloy. Since I can’t even obtain the repairing materials, how can i possibly fix this?”

However, Sheyan grasped the small flaw in his reasoning, replying immediately:

“You mean that, you can’t fix it only because you lack the resources.”

Vincent puffed out coldly:

“That’s correct.”

Sheyan instantly replied:

That means if you can acquire the necessary materials, then you can perfectly restore it. Then let’s continue our discussion after you have done all of these.”

Vincent pondered for a moment and replied:

“To fix this I must enter the engineering department, I still need to link up with the metallurgy department, even gaining clearance is an unknown. Most importantly, this object probably originated with the microchip, I’m not interested in it but that doesn’t mean the metallurgy department won’t be curious about it. Therefore, while entering there mustn’t be anyone else present.

Fixing itself will need at least 3 hours! That period must be my company's lunchtime where i can excuse myself from my work."

Sheyan stared at Vincent, feeling that what he said was probably the truth, he nodded his head. Anyway the two microchips that Vincent wanted was still in his hands, he would definitely not slack off. 3 hours.... He could still afford the wait.

Watching Vincent hurriedly driving off his car to Cyberdyne Computer company, Sheyan returned to the steakhouse and sat down at a window seat. Drinking a cup of coffee, the waiter that initially received the generous tip from him, passed him a complimentary Los Angeles Times newspaper to read as well. Upfront, Sheyan was reading the newspaper, however his heart and mind was focused on the nearby magnificently looking building. He was worried that certain unknown variables may surface during Vincent's restoration work, or he may turn greedy at the sight of various advancement in science and technology of this weapon. He could expand the strength of the Cyberdyne company.

Time rapidly passed by, Sheyan glanced at the nearby clock, half of the 3 hours had already gone by. He gently nodded his head, excitedly guessing the potential of the perfectly restored cobalt steel exoskeleton armour. His coffee had already been refilled 4 times, yet the number of customers gradually increased as the sound of chatterings grew thicker.

Before entering the nightmare realm, Sheyan loved his personal time, often listening to blues or solo saxophone pieces. Yet now, Sheyan realised he enjoyed the sound of hustling and bustling, crowd chaos and the greasy and filthy environment. Because being alone in here, gave a solitude like a pebble hiding inside a riverbank, hard to notice, giving one a feeling of security.

Finally, Vincent's tall and sturdy figure entered the door of the steakhouse, underneath his left arm was a black briefcase. He walked up the stool opposite Sheyan and sat down. Placing the briefcase on the table as well as the golden watch and cash. Without speaking, he only gave a cold and desiring look at Sheyan.

Sheyan was presently unprepared, without hesitation he produced the two microchip and completed the exchange. After notification from the nightmare imprint upon wearing the golden watch, Sheyan could feel his physique rising by

1 point, his HP rising to 190 points. Upon opening the briefcase, he realised the cobalt steel exoskeleton was stored in a transparent box. Upon shaking it gently, he could witness a thick viscous liquid immersing this futuristic weapon. As he was about to question, Vincent interrupted him with a fierce and strong german accent:

“While repairing this object, I found that its internal structure had sustained minor damages, so I carried out additional procedures. That is why it is currently immersed in a special cold condensation. If you retrieve it after one hour, then it will be perfectly restored. Of course you can retrieve it earlier, but the price is that the interior structure’s minute damages will not be patched. Restoration effects may not reach maximum capability.”

Sheyan became excited after listening. An hours wait to achieve the effects of a ‘perfect restoration.’ This was not a bad deal, although there was no way of knowing how ‘perfect’ this fix will be, it was still a pleasant suspense. Observing Vincent’s huge back figure disappearing through the entrance door, Sheyan grinned to himself as he sat on his seat once again.

A person wearing a greyish suit suddenly walked over. He had a big red nose. Emotionlessly, he reached out for a stack of documents in his suit, using a straight and polite manner he spoke:

“Sir, I’m very sorry to inform you that Lunch time has ended. We have adequate information to suspect that your behaviour is detrimental to the interests of the United States of America. Please cooperate with us for further investigations.”

At this moment, a group of ordinary FBI members surrounded the table. They were all brandishing their guns underneath their exquisite suits. Five emotionless black barrels were pointing towards Sheyan.

Sheyan maintained his expression, yet his heart could not contain the astonishment from this perilous situation. There is no such thing as a free meal! Upon being surrounded by the circle of firearms, he immediately chose to complete his main mission, wanted to swiftly return to the nightmare realm. However, he received a red warning instead: “You are carrying a relevant mission object, unable to complete mission and return.” This meant that if Sheyan

wanted to return with a perfectly restored cobalt steel exoskeleton armour, then he would need to shake off the FBI for an hour!

American police structure is split into two systems. One is the federal government (Central authorities) police structure, Federal Bureau of Investigations known as the FBI. Handling affairs throughout the country, its headquarters are in New York, the ministry of Justice. The only one in the entire country.

The other is the local police structure, for example the Los Angeles Police or New York Police. They are separated into their individual government districts. No doubt, the central authorities FBI were definitely more outstanding in terms of equipment, individual qualities and their other aspects.

Of course, Sheyan noticed another crucial point. That is within this environment, the nightmare imprint had given him a way out, and that was to immediately extract the cobalt steel exoskeleton. Naturally he wouldn't have to wait for an hour, successfully completing his main mission and teleporting out within 5 minutes.

Everything boils down to Sheyan's personal decision. Suddenly, Sheyan thought of another point: his perceptive sensing did not prewarn him before this, that meant that his opponent's perceptive sensing was definitely not inferior to his!

In just a short span, the complacent Sheyan was completely turned into a trapped animal, this was the cruel and volatile nature of the nightmare world!

"Interlock both hands on your head, face the wall and squat down!" The opposing FBI officer's voice became harsher, trying to exert his authority. He had already kept the documents back into his suit and was currently aiming his gun like the rest.

Sheyan slowly raised his hands, he had no firearms currently on hand which allowed the FBI to relax a little. Raising his thick brows, he stubbornly spoke:

"I feel like I am receiving an unfair treatment, I want to phone my lawyer."

chapter 25

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Chapter 25: Chasing and Killing

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I

Upon hearing this, the surrounding agents involuntarily revealed shocked expressions. Presently it was 1984, America was known for its democracy and respect of their citizens, the FBI was still a government secret. In 1974, America's president Richard Nixon resigned because of the watergate scandal, this was related to a few high officials in the FBI. They even managed to bring a president down, the power of the FBI was greatly boosted, and right now their influential power was at its pinnacle. Sheyan actually dared to seek out a lawyer in front of them? Utilizing his personal rights?

The red nose agent was stunned for a while. He then shifted the aim of his revolver directly to Sheyan's face, with a stern look he spoke:

"Brat, I don't like you, if you continue talking rubbish, then we will lock you up with a gigolo. Maybe that gig will be interested in your bottoms. Kneel down now!"

Sheyan's eyes flickered with frost, his face however maintained emotionless as he shook his head. Snorting, he slowly knelt down. His body was shivering excessively as if he was afraid, and the surrounding FBI agents appeared to sneer sadistically. With a slight nudge of his left hand, that black briefcase containing the cobal steel exoskeleton crashed to the ground beside him.

Although the FBI were overflowing with loftiness, they knew the "evidence" on Sheyan's hands were of utmost importance, it cannot be damaged. If something went wrong, they could forget about getting a promotion in the next few years. Immediately throwing their attention and bending down to it. At this moment, Sheyan's frustration could be seen greatly through his thick brows frowning down and connecting with each other. Maintaining his steady posture with his

hands up, he arched his head backwards, and proceeded to heavily smash his forehead down onto Red nose's chest!

Sheyan's move was so abrupt, it was like an iron headbutt move from Shaolin Temple. These few FBI agents were not well versed in China's martial arts, and was in no way prepared for such a suddenly and strange move!

A person's forehead is the hardest bone of the person, in addition to Sheyan's incomparable strength enforcing it, he struck hardly onto red nose. Red nose gasped, his face ashen as both eyes swelled up as though it was going to pop out. His prior meal mixed with fresh blood rushed up his throat and finally vomiting out through his mouth.

A smelly stench filled the air, as the mixture vomited onto Sheyan's back, however he had succeeded in wrapping up with Red nose. This prevented the FBI agents from firing at him. Using his leg to hook onto the briefcase and flinging into the grip of his left hand which was currently still raised. Sheyan then kicked off strongly with both his legs, leaping and smashing out through the display window!

"CLANK PAINK!" The greasy display window shattered into a thousand pieces. Lowering his body down, he used his shoulder blades to cushion the fall and made a roll finally standing up onto the street. The sounds of gunshot followed the shattering sounds of glass scattering on the ground. After running for a few steps, he started staggering, as a shocking dark crimson red dyed the back of his coat.

"You have received an attack from an FBI Agent (Elite), Lost 19 (44 – 25) HP"
ED: (44 damage – 25 damage reduction effect of Endurance)

"You have received an attack from an FBI Agent (Elite), Lost 21 (46 – 25) HP"

"You have received an attack from an FBI Agent (Elite), Lost 17 (42 – 25) HP"

"You have sustained a 7 HP loss/5 seconds condition due to excessive lost of blood, effects will last for 30 seconds."

The FBI Agent's gun power were threatening, far exceeding the damage of a Los Angeles policeman. Their opponent was a threat to the nation's security and thus was using a Glock 17 9mm pistol, their guns were all in burst shot mode,

firing 3 at one trigger. Sheyan watched the nightmare imprint transmitting the series of notification, as he unconsciously felt like a trapped beast entering a state of deep worry.

Sheyan's agility wasn't high, even if he put in his best to flee, he would still be easily pestered by his pursuers. The searing pain from his back wounds started enveloping him, as his muscles started to push out the bullet projectiles. Fortunately it was the peak period where people got off work, Sheyan then mixed himself into the crowd. Wildly running and shoving people and objects aside, the intently pursuing agents no matter how angered they were could not possibly fire off in this circumstances. If they were to accidentally injure a civilian, then their actions would be akin to that of a terrorist.

Looking ahead at a overhead bridge, Sheyan's eyes flickered. Leaking out a slight grin on his face, he hastened his steps towards the overhead bridge. Pushing his hand off the railing when he got there, he precisely aimed for an incoming truck as he leapt down into it from above. This action was extremely risky, if he missed his target, then he would no doubt be knocked to death by the incoming line of consecutive vehicles! However, to Sheyan, whose physique was greatly enhanced in comparison to an average person, this leap was not surprising nor risky. Very gently, he landed into the back carriage compartment of the truck.

The traffic was extremely fast and furious beneath the bridge, even if the truck driver realized, it was impossible to suddenly halt the truck. The half of the carriage contained stacks of paper, which completely negated and even silenced Sheyan's fall. Without slowing down, the truck steadily continued forward. However, at this moment, a black figure flashed, following by a "Peng!" sound. It was actually red nose who dared to chase Sheyan down the overhead bridge and jumped off the other side of the bridge, successfully managing to fall into the Truck carriage compartment!

Sheyan frowned, his lips curled into a malicious grin. He even dared to face the T-750 terminator straight on. Just a mere FBI Agent (elite) was nothing in his eyes. The two were 2-3 metres apart, Red nose was about to raised his gun to aim, yet Sheyan had already furiously charged forward.

Red nose, after slightly evading the fierce charge, rolled backwards and

managed to distance himself and started firing! Presently there were on a highway in a speeding vehicle, if red nose were to get hit, he would very naturally fall off the truck as well. Falling on a high speed road and breaking only a limb or two would already be the best conclusion for such a case.

This FBI agent had no choice but to give up his idea of shooting, shifting his body, he dodged the incoming attack and tried to counterattack. Ever since entering this world, Sheyan was always witty and forward planning, he already predicted the agent's reaction. His earlier charged look extremely straight forward, yet he was only utilizing 30 percent of his strength. Once red nose evaded, he relentlessly followed his movements, placing both arms on Red nose's sides.

They could smell each other between such a short distance. Red nose was specially selected and rigorously trained by the FBI, knowing that if he planned to continue utilizing the pistol now, his opponent would grab his wrist and pound on him. Therefore, without hesitation he immediately used his pistol to smash down onto the vicious offender in front of him. Red nose's eyes were radiating with poison. The Glock 17 pistols they used were customized, the magazine capacity was 31 rounds. The threatening strength of using it to pound down on something was akin to that of a wall brick!

Yet, Sheyan raised his head, and surged forward to headbutt his enemy! "Boom!" a long bloody wound appeared on his forehead, but it was just a superficial wound. Red nose then groaned loudly in pain. His skin webbing between the thumb and the index finger were ripped apart by the immense strength, warm fresh blood started flowing down. Even the pistol was blown away from the impact, landing on the highway it automatically release a few rounds on impact.

At the same time, Sheyan breathed heavily clutching his twin fists tightly he repeated struck forth at his opponent's soft abdominal area. In his critical moment, his fist could feel his enemy's solid vertebra, the rate or extent of the internal organs being pressured was unimaginable.

After receiving such a ferocious assault, this FBI agent widen his eyes in pain, a pale look stretched across his face. Although he was so stunned golden sparks appeared in his eyes, he knew that this was a matter of life or death, he could

not give up. Clenching his teeth, he charged into Sheyan's belly, boxing his fist towards Sheyan's face.

Sheyan did not bother dodging, casually receiving the blows dished out to him. His cheekbones turned purple, as blood leaked out from his eyes. He summoned his strength, and elbowed across! Heavily smashing it onto the face of his strong and huge opponent.

Obviously his FBI agent's attacking prowess was far fetched from Sheyan's attack. He was already like an arrow at the end of its flight, after receiving such a cruel blow he miserably groaned out in agony. Staggering a few steps back, his back heavily knocked against the car's carriage. Pressing down on his face with his hand, tears and mucus were streaming out rapidly from his nose, as the blood flowed out from the wound between his fingers.

Sheyan coldly laughed out loud, turning his head to face the back. The initially shrugged off 5 other FBI agents managed to find a limousine, stepping on the gas pedal without restraints, they furiously chased up to Sheyan. Furthermore this truck had directed itself to the side and slowing down its speed. It was either the driver finding out what was going on in the truck carriage compartment, or was reaching its destination. If there were no accidents, they would chase up to Sheyan in a matter of minutes!

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chapter 26

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Chapter 26: The traffic accident story of a turkey on Thanksgiving day

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

“Forget it.” Sheyan’s pupils were locked on to the incoming rush of the limousine, he was secretly entertaining the alluring thought of killing an elite FBI agent. This person already looked like he had spent all his force, to settle him will still require certain efforts. Looking down at a nearby crowded stretch along the streets, he considered jumping into the crowd to escape.

However at this moment, the leftover wreck of his former self FBI agent frenziedly roared out, tightly holding onto Sheyan from the back. He had saw his colleagues chasing up, and intended to hold down Sheyan! According to the normal calculation of strength, his strength did not differ greatly from Sheyan. It was the fact that Sheyan’s explosive powers and resistive abilities far exceeded him. Wrapping tightly onto Sheyan from the back, Sheyan lost his golden chance to escape.

This sudden twist in events caused Sheyan’s heart to be in a surprised mess. However, he appeared fierce and terrifying with his thick black brows and a face covered in blood. Even his glare still contained a raging ferocity within it. The experience he gathered within these days allowed him to immediately react, kicking backwards with his left leg and swinging his head backwards. If the opponent miscalculated this step by a little, he would end on on the ground or be greatly stunned.

However, Sheyan not only utilized his feet, but even using the back of his head to attack. This elite FBI agent successfully evaded Sheyan’s attack, inching close to Sheyan’s earlobes and biting down viciously on it. Muttering out form within the gaps of his teeth he spoke:

“This sickening swine, Los Angeles prison torturing cell awaits you!”

However, Sheyan's reaction speed was matchless. After listening to his, he kicked off with both his leg as he pushed backwards with great strength.

"Bam!" The FBI agent could not dodge, as he was knocked into the carriage wall by Sheyan's pressure. The vertebra area transmitted a searing pain throughout the body, causing his vision to blacken out, and he loosen his grip on Sheyan's arms. Sheyan swung back again with his elbows, knocking beneath the FBI agent's rib as a cracking sound echoed through the carriage. It was obvious that the rib bone had shattered and deeply pierced into the internal organs.

The FBI agent started coughing and gasping for breath, as he weakly collapsed to the floor, a pink foam started foaming up at the corner of his mouth, followed by fresh blood. His abdomen had already suffered consecutive blows, now even his inner organs were pierced. In a matter of seconds, he was reduced to a state of lack of oxygen, even a person with strong willpower could not tolerate this.

Presently, if Sheyan wanted to leave, nobody would be able to stop him, however the ruthlessness in his eyes was building densely. Ever since his Uncle Dasi had been reduced to that pathetic state, his true colors had started to expose itself slowly. Furthermore, in the nightmare world, with the law unable to bind him, Sheyan was feeling the fanatic impulse of trampling all over this poor person blocking his way!

Currently, the truck's engine was killed, very evidently the driver had sensed the movements within the carriage. The reinforcement from 200 metres away could instantly catch up. If Sheyan wanted to escape, his best choice was to immediately abandon the truck. However inner fanatic thirst raged within him, how could he let go of this opportunity?

Sheyan fished out his gun.

The Hi-power M500 handgun.

Aiming at the nearby 1974 Chevrolet limousine who was about to overtake them, he pressed onto the trigger!

Although Sheyan's accuracy was not high, he was still able to land his shots on the limousine 3-4 metres away from him. "Bang!" the tyre of the 1974 Chevrolet let out a screeching friction sound as the car skidded and knocked against the a car beside it. Sheyan's right hand turned numb from the recoil.

After finishing the rounds on his M500 pistol, he produced the shotgun coolly aiming towards another Ford rental car which was driving forward. His actions witnessed by the driver caused him to panic and jam break his vehicle furiously. Initially Sheyan wanted to use the incoming car to halt and give him cover from the front, however, the vehicles from the back could not break in time!

Hence, the two cars collided on this bustling road causing a massive chain accident at the back. Screeching break sounds filled the air along with the relentless honking from the vehicles further down the road. The entire highway was now jammed up, the cars at the back forming up like a long dragon. The FBI agent's limousine were still 200 plus metres away, and no matter how fast they could travel, they could only get off their vehicle now and travel by foot.

This period allowed enough time for Sheyan to even kill that FBI agent 10 times!

“Sickening swine?”

Sheyan shifted his gaze away from the traffic ruckus, stepping one step, he raised his right leg and forcefully stomped down. This FBI agent still managed to force his hands to block, however it was useless against the strength of that stomp, pressing down heavily onto his injured abdomen. He coughed out a mouthful of blood, his body curling up like a prawn.

Sheyan mercilessly continued stomping, one foot, two feet. Finally bending downwards, he used his right hand to grab onto the neck of this unlucky bastard, lifting him up from the ground. The elite FBI agent struggled on at death's door, kicking and waving his arms in mid air.

The truck finally came to a halt, the furious, angry looking driver swung open the metal door at the back. Upon seeing blood spattered everywhere, his face turned pale as he quickly locked back the door. Sheyan was now standing beside a neon signboard beside a shop, swinging his hand across, a loud shattering sound like rain boomed. Glass, plastic were scattered about mixed with blood. This exposed a perfectly upright protruding rusty iron rod facing directly at Sheyan from the interior of the signboard.

“You love to hit people in the face?”

“You love to engage in gay prostitution?”

Sheyan cursed at him, his eyes exploding with maliciousness. Putting strength in his right arm, he pushed the FBI agent's body directly into the protruding iron rod! After a miserable wailing sound died down, he became motionless. Blood smeared across the entire rod and from the back and front of Red nose's pierced area. Some of his flesh had even been guttered and hanging out, as the scene unfolded into a wickedly cruel looking one.

The faraway FBI agents were already making their way here, witnessing this scene their eyes naturally intensified. Being a hundred metre away, they were completely powerless to prevent this. The faraway hostile was laughing sinisterly inside the truck carriage, as he teased them to come and get him while fleeing away with his briefcase.

Blood still warm, droplets of it slowly dripped down.

The impaled body would jerk from time to time, but his spirit had already left the body. His eyes maintained wide open even after death, a horrifying shocked expression covered his ashen grey face. After losing excessive blood, even his originally red nose had turned grey.

The rust atop the iron rod was originally dark and gloomy, after being covered with blood, it now shone with a crimson cruelty. Norman looked up at the body of the subordinate they hated the most, one would think of the turkey in supermarkets during thanksgiving day, pierced by a single rod on display for all to see.

"Sir. James and the rest has chased up and already caught up to the suspect." The person that rushed here was called Curry, he raised his head to look up at the corpse of Rogers and coughed out some spit.

"F**!, I just loaned a thousand bucks to Rogers yesterday, who is this guy that we are chasing? He obviously got shot numerous times but still ran so quickly!"

Norman squinted his eyes:

"I fear he may be a veteran soldier from the Vietnam war, these cold-blooded fellas kill without feeling, they are all bonkers! The bulletproof vest he is wearing is not something an ordinary person can handle, we got dragged into such an undesirable mess!"

“Oh shit! What does this mean? Los Angeles’s branch’s first blood?” Mike felt aggrieved as he obviously started cowering away:

“Lets not get caught up in these muddy waters (chinese idiom means this mess), why not.. We ask the guys from Delta for help?”

Norman gently shook his head:

“Those brats from Delta have always not been easy to handle, even the conversations between our boss and their general has always been peculiar. If whenever we face a minor hurdle and ask them for aid, they will not look at us in the same light anymore. Besides I heard they suffered a huge setback recently, even if we become thick skinned and ask them for help, they may not even offer any.”

Mike worriedly gazed into the distance, he was obviously feeling afraid,

“Then... do we continue giving chase?”

Norman suddenly felt frustrated and scolded:

“It is stated in the battle manual, unless we reach a state whereby it is impossible to resist, or when the mission squads casualty rate is above 40 can we then request for aid. Unless you want me to report to the superiors, that the reason we are unable to resist was a suspect who had already received gunshot wounds from six elite FBI agents. Shit! I’m still looking forward to my promotion later in the year!”

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chapter 27

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Chapter 27: Panic at the supermarket!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Along his escape route, Sheyan passed by a convenience store, he conveniently grabbed a bottle of mineral water and several band-aids. Tossing a 10 dollar bill at the shop owner afterwards. After three minutes, the blood stains on his face were all washed clean, and his wounds had plasters covering them. He then entered a crowded and busy supermarket, blending into the enormous crowd. After a long vigorous battle and chase, his HP had dropped as low as 50 points. Meeting with these elite agents who were unafraid of losing their lives, he had not encountered such persistent and unconstrained opponents from the Los Angeles police side.

A few hundred metres back, there were still 3 FBI agents frantically surveying for their target. They had planted a tracking device on the briefcase of that exoskeleton armour, thus there were able to locate Sheyan's position. However, because of their counterpart's cruel death, they were afraid of charging straight in.

Sheyan went up the supermarket elevator to the 5th floor, he had no intentions of leaving here. Half of the one hour has already passed, even if the entire Los Angeles police force cordoned the entire area, he would still be able to return to the nightmare realm safely. The supermarket probably had more than ten thousand people, giving enough time for Sheyan to blend in and stay hidden. Hence, Sheyan was able to concentrate on the notifications he got from the imprint after killing the elite FBI agent.

"You have acquired a key (white) x 1."

"You killed an FBI Agent (Elite), would you like to use 100 utility points to examine their detailed information?"

“Milestone: Treacherous ally completion 10/50.”

Looks like this FBI agent (Elite) had a close evaluation to that of the Delta task force, both were equivalent to that of 5 Los Angeles policemen. To Sheyan’s prediction, there was no time to entertain the end conclusion to that key. Waiting to extract the briefcase contents before the enemy arrives, who wouldn’t choose to flee? Sheyan wasn’t confident of his strength in dealing with the three other agents. (He still doesn’t know two had stopped pursuing).

For the second notification, he deliberated for a awhile, and finally selected to use the 100 utility points in exchange for information. He still had half of the one hour to spare, something unexpected may still occur, knowing more is better than knowing less. If at the time where he loses because of the greediness of saving 100 utility points, it would be too late for regrets.

After choosing to use 100 utility points, Sheyan received a long list of detailed information.

Federal Bureau of Investigation Agent (Elite) Basic measurements

Height: 170 – 190 Cm

Weight: 70 – 90 kg

Strength: not lower than 8 points

Agility: Not lower than 7 points

Intelligence: Not lower than 7 points

,
Spirit: Not lower than 5 points

Charm: Not lower than 5 points

Physique: Not lower than 6 points

Perceptive sensing: Not lower than 6 points

.
All basic attributes will not exceed 10 points, total attribute cumulative points will not exceed 45 points.

Additional occupation innate ability: Successful training (Health point attribute increases by 100 points) All FBI agents had gone through a rigorous filtering and

training process, to attain the elite assessment, they all had additional bonuses along with their physique.

Commonly used weapon:

Glock 17 9mm handgun.

Manganese steel dagger

M10 Ingram Submachine gun (prerequisite: pass through an application process) Common protection devices: Kevlar, cellulose sleeveless bulletproof vest Supporting equipments (certain probability of equipping) Infrared image device

Button tapping device

Button tracking device

Signal capturing device (Effective within 3 Km radius) Mastery capabilities:

Close combat capabilities

Light firearms capabilities

Semi-automatic firearms capabilities

Vehicle driving capabilities

Sniping capabilities (Rare)

Individual item capability will not exceed lvl 4, Three total cumulative abilities will not exceed 15 levels.

(For example the prior Rednose Rogers: Close combat ability lvl 2, Light firearms ability lvl 3, semi-automatic firearms ability lvl 2, Driving ability lvl 4, Every elite agent will not have an ability of lvl 5 or higher) “No wonder.” Sheyan gently shook his head. During the battle with the Rednose agent he had noticed that the person’s fighting abilities were pretty good, and was hard to defeat. It was comparable to professional wrestlers, he actually had the advantage of this training success ability. If not for that last impaling onto the metal pole move, Sheyan would really not have a chance of completely killing him off.

Sheyan had now walked to the third floor of the supermarket, leaning onto a pillar that had a Madonna poster beside it. Most of his body was hidden behind

the poster, only his head was out fixing his gaze onto the lower levels observing them. Keeping a watchful eye on the 3 FBI agents. He sighed, compressing down his urge to continue the killing. A person should never do something far exceeding his capability. Sheyan would have troubles achieving victory against even 2 FBI agents, he also had to consider the consequence of attracting the Delta anti-terror task force! He stopped considering, lifting his black briefcase as he blended into stream of concentrated people.

Although Sheyan wanted to avoid battle, the 3 FBI agents would never let him off! To them, there was no retreating, if they could not capture Sheyan and yet lost one of their own, they would become the laughing stock of the department. After the signal capturing device had pinpointed Sheyan's location, the 3 agents had charged forth and did something completely unpredictable even to Sheyan.

Warning shots!

Usually after a gunshot, the customers first reaction is not to raise both hands and squat down but instead to run frenziedly for the nearest exit. This would cause a large scale chaos which may even lead to cases of trampling. To the escaping suspect, this was the golden moment to slip away amidst the chaos.

However, to the raging FBI agents, any trampling cases can be easily pinned onto the Los Angeles asses. They could use this line: "Executing a matter of national security" to get away with it. Furthermore their detection device can pinpoint Sheyan's escaping location, if they blocked the exit, they were unafraid of losing him. Although there would be a temporal chaos, however, 10 minutes later there would be an empty field, it would definitely be easier to manage than "finding a needle in a haystack" environment The warning sounds of the gunshot repeatedly echoed, a row of ceiling lights had already shattered, as large fragment of glass crashed onto the ground. The mass of people were trying to escape out of the supermarket, while some had fainted onto the ground, trampled on by dozens of feet. Shouting and struggling at first, they gradually became motionless. Faced with this scene, the FBI agents remained unaffected. They only held on tightly to their guns, and focused on the exit. One was observing the tracking device, watching out for possible movements by Sheyan.

"Coming!" The handheld detecting device suddenly started buzzing, within the sound contained an unexplainable viciousness. "He is inching forward to this

location, looks like he is planning to charge across.”

The other 2 colleagues remained silent, watching intently and in anticipation like a hungry wolf hiding underneath the snow. They put their guns into firing mode. These special government agents were naturally capable, even their national status was honourable. This time’s mission of capturing one person with 6 men was supposed to be a walk in the park, yet unexpectedly they lost one in the process and couldn’t even capture their target! If news of this got out, their entire department would lose face, even their working colleagues would garner a bad reputation!

The only way to cleanse this humiliation, was the blood of this criminal!

The pointer on the detection device repeatedly flashed, as the warning buzzer intensified! The three people stared in anticipation. They fixed their gaze on an area 10 meters away. That was the exit point of the crowd, people were thinly-spread out. There was a staggering old woman with a handkerchief, a man with a cap covering his head was taking big steps to run out, and a pale black woman that was uncontrollably shivering. They were all pushing and shoving within the crowd, and finally they saw a man carrying a familiar looking black briefcase suspiciously running out!

Although this man was wearing a different set of clothes to their earlier target, the three FBI agents aimed their guns toward the man, immediately raising their voices: “Raise your hands up, to the wall and kneel down!”

This man was stunned frozen and stood rooted on the spot, the 3 FBI agents had no intentions of bringing him back alive, immediately firing off. 7-8 bullet wounds appeared with blood flowing out, and he was thrown backwards from the impact. His face was a mix of agony and anger as he dropped dead to the ground!

“This... ended just like that?” The 3 FBI agents were astonished. At this moment, the already nearing black woman suddenly exploded forth in full length. The sound of ripping clothings were distinct, as he tossed away his wig to the floor, there was a large ball of dust floating towards the 3 FBI agents.

Actually, Sheyan’s disguise was extremely clumsy, while he was running out he casually snatched a wig and an old person’s flowery brown gown. A normal

person would be able to figure it out after examining him. However, the 3 FBI agents were distracted by the guy carrying the black briefcase, thus they made the wrong judgment.

That person that Sheyan pulled out to be his scapegoat was not a coincidence, but was the act of Sheyan. After joining the crowd, he then took the cobal steel exoskeleton out of the briefcase and placed it into an ordinary backpack.

In that empty briefcase, he placed all the cash he had – about a thousand dollars, and purposely left the briefcase wide open leaking out a great amount of notes. He then placed it in a conspicuous location. In a short while, a greedy cheap bastard was hooked on.

Because of his usual habit of stealing, after doing this, he would naturally become very suspicious and panicky. In addition, the FBI agents recognised the black briefcase, Sheyan had a 70-80 percent certainty that attention would be shifted onto that brat. Furthermore, the one that carried out this act was fortunately a sturdy looking male of Sheyan's age generation. This was completely a match made in heaven!

||

chapter 28

Hello everybody!

Read this new chapter of The Ultimate Evolution!

Please join me in thanking:

Translated by: Chua

Editors: I and Elkassar

Proofreader: Elkassar

The Ultimate Evolution main page: [here](#)

Chapter Link: [chapter 28](#)

chapter 29

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Chapter 29: Suspicious and reward

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Sheyan's sitting posture remained the same, however once returning to the nightmare realm, an intolerable radiation flashed into his eyes, completely blinding him. Instantly, he had no clue what was happening. However, his body was overflowing with a strange and heavy sensation, even his ears hearing had become muffled.

After a few spots of lights started to appear in his vision, Sheyan gradually recovered his sight. After waking up, he realized those lights were like glimmering stars! Looking around, it was as though he was placed in the limitless universal space, dark and encompassed by a deep gloomy color.

Soon after, Sheyan started having 3D projections appearing in front of him, the scenes of Bloody Jack/Cazider/Los Angeles policemen engaging in battle flashed, following that the murder scenes of the two T-750 terminator. Lastly, he could see his own hand gripping onto the neck of the FBI agent as he viciously struck him into the metal rod, as the projected person finally died.

The space subsequently displayed the follow information:

"Scenario: Terminator"

"Difficulty: Extremely easy (E class)"

"Pain limitation: 70"

"

"Individual additional strength: 50."

"Present scenario exploration degree: 12.31"

"Milestone completion rate: Treacherous ally 10/50, Machine predator 2/ 3"

"Additional information: Scenario setting is peaceful, contestant will not drop

loots upon death, Digitalized character information modulation initializing, contestant can check on his personal attribute through the nightmare imprint.”

“Mission completion rate: 53”

“Mission completion score: C-, Note: lowest: E, Highest score is a perfect SSS

“Scenario completion reward: Free attribute points – 1 point, Utility points – 100 points, Potential points – 2 points” (TN: Not sure what this is yet) “Character current free attribute points: 1 point.”

“You can at any one time use your free attribute points to strengthen any personal attribute (Strength/ agility etc), upgrading oneself.”

“You have accomplished your first main mission: Nightmare imprint interspatial ability activated, your current interspatial space is 0.5 cubic metre. Weight limit cannot exceed 10kg.”

Pointer: The items/ equipments that are unable to leave the terminator world, you have the following options.

A: Selling everything in exchange for utility points.

B: Maintain possession, the next time you enter the terminator world you can retrieve it.(An amount of utility points will be used as safeguarding fee, either wise your items will be discarded) Sheyan chose to sell all of his items and “American dollars”, obtaining a total of 283 utility points. Although, he still doesn’t know the full function of the utility points, he understood that these points were like his currency, definitely very useful. That M500 pistol and shotgun were rather uncommon, but Sheyan wasn’t very compatible with guns, there was no value in keeping them. Sheyan thus sold them away, raising his total utility points to 340 points.

Sheyan then carefully examined the description of potential points, he wasn’t in a rush to use that point. In his mind, he was still rather bothered by the mission completion rate of 53. Prior to this he had eliminated two frightening T-750 Terminator, he believed that if it was someone else, they couldn’t have done it better! This performance actually earned him only a completion rate of 53..... It was just a passing rate if the total were upon 100! What kind of performance would then be enough to score a perfect 100 score? Sheyan pondered but still

could not understand this.

The vast twinkling universe started turning blurry, eventually turning into darkness. Once Sheyan regained his vision, he was currently in a small room. This room was plain and simple, its surroundings were made of metal, like a modern day battleship design, concise, agile and experienced. The room only had one wall and a small metal stool in the floor. Very quickly, the nightmare imprint notified: “This is your personal room within the nightmare realm, external individuals will not be able to enter, the objects that cannot return to the present world can be stored in this room. If you are injured, you can recuperate here rapidly for a certain fee. The key to enter is your nightmare imprint. Within the nightmare realm, your external looks will be fuzzy, therefore when interacting with others, do not expose your true identity which may result in dire consequences in the future. Any request or inquiry can be made through the nightmare imprint which will cost a fee of utility points.

Sheyan understood these words, swiftly he spoke out:

“Explain the functions of potential points.”

Instantly, he got a reply:

“Potential points are used to upgrade basic abilities/skills and battle abilities/skills.”

“Within the nightmare realm, a contestant can study and learn various and different kinds of unique abilities/skills. However, great oaks grow from a little acorn (Chinese idiom), the stronger the unique abilities, the greater the requirement of basic skills and trainings to compliment each other and finally give birth to the stronger ability.”

Basic ability has a total of 7 classification. To cover the entirety of combat requires numerous elements. Which is linked to your body attributes like strength, agility, physique, perceptive sensing, charm, spirit, intelligence, these 7 classifications. The basic ability effects are passive and specific as follows.

“Basic close combat: training various capabilities of close combat will increase your close combat battle prowess and killing ability. The primary linked body attribute: Strength.”

“Basic footwork: Training your ability to dodge opponents, and may increase your movement speed by a little. Primary body attribute: agility.”

“Basic long range combat: Training your usage of long range weapon capabilities, increases the damage done from long range. Primary body attribute: Perceptive sensing.”

“Basic Endurance: Training your ability to resist, allowing you to survive longer. Primary body attribute: Physique.”

Basic eloquence: Training your persuasiveness, allows you to rapidly create friendship or earn friendship points with strangers. Primary body attribute: Charm.”

“Basic meditation: Trains your willpower, allowing your mental powers to be more tenacious. Basic body attribute: Spirit.”

“Basic prayer: Trains your mind, expand and upgrade your mental capacity. Basic body attribute: Intelligence.”

“Certain high grade equipments/skills will require certain battle skills/basic skills before wearing or learning. The higher the ability, the more potential points needed to advance. Abilities/skills can also be upgraded through rigorous and tough individual training, but once you reach a bottleneck, you can use your potential points. For example a mixed martial arts champion, upon entering this realm, will have been equipped with several high level close combat techniques and skills.

“Basic skills and certain battle skills can be purchased within the nightmare realm, and use potential points to upgrade. High grade skills can only be attained through individual enlightenment or through engaging certain characters within the nightmare world.”

Until now, Sheyan thought of the time he eliminated that long range proficient T-750 Terminator, and acquired a scroll: Light firearms proficiency. This was probably the advanced skill of the basic long range combat ability. Under this safe and secure environment, he finally fished out the white key he had attained from killing Rednose (FBI agent). A chest appeared as he acquired 80 utility points and one white equipment: FBI special windbreaker. He then retrieved his successfully restored cobalt steel exoskeleton to examine, carefully noticing the

following attributes.

“FBI special windbreaker” (Condition: Extremely good)

“Origin: Los Angeles.New gen clothing factory”

“Equipment rarity: White.”

“Equipment place: Upper body.”

“Equipment requirements: None”

“Windbreaker additional effects: Charm increase by 1 (More suave, therefore increased charm)”

“Windbreak additional effects: Lowers the probability of being hit by the enemy by 1” (Reason being the windbreaker is very baggy, which may block your opponent’s full view of your body) “Evaluation: This equipment has more fashion capability than protection ones.... It looks like the Versace 1982 trending windbreakers.”

“Equipment battle score: 6”

Cobalt steel exoskeleton armour (Left hand) (Condition: Extremely good)
Origin: Michigan US, Skynet no.71 workshop, ninth production belt.

Equipment rarity: Light blue

Equipment effects: Increase your hand battle damage by 18-19 points.

Equipment effects: All your basic attributes increase by 1 (Uncommon special effect) Equipment requirements: Strength 9 points, physique 11 points.

Equipment place: Arm

”

Material: Cobalt and steel mix.”

Flesh plastic layer (Function has ceased). Magnetic weapon absorption examining system (Unable to add) (Your forceful restoration has spoilt the interconnecting port) Weight: 7.8 Kg.”

Length: 352 mm”

Weapon class special effects (already removed): During an attack, there is a slight probability of neglecting the opponent’s defence. (You had added an

impure material to this weapon, special effect unable to activate) Weapon class
new effect: During an attack, you have a 50% chance of causing additional
damage, damage amount depends on the user's strength.

Evaluation: Short-sighted bastard! You will regret this negligent restoration!

Equipment battle score: 14

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chapter 30

Hello everyone,

This is the daily chapter of The Ultimate Evolution
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Please join me in thanking:

Translated by: Chua

Editors: I and Elkassar

Proofreader: Elkassar

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chapter 31

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Chapter 31: Expert scrolls!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

There were also quite a handful of people who were interested in the cobalt steel exoskeleton which could increase all attribute by 1. There were some who shook their head and sigh, saying that if this magnificent effect of increasing the attributes by 1 could be shifted to the watch, then the watch would have a sky-high price. A few started negotiating with Sheyan about the scroll, but their terms were far fetched from Sheyan's one. Since they tried to be cheap, Sheyan was unwilling to trade.

The attention slowly died down, as peace returned to Sheyan's side. At this moment, a shorty walked over, holding half a bottle of vodka, he casually spoke:

"Hi, fellow, looks like you recently succeeded in your first risky adventure?"

The small brat had a strong german accent, very thick and muffled. However the nightmare imprint had interpretation abilities, and thus Sheyan managed to understand him, nodding his head he said:

"mmhmm."

That small brat surveyed Sheyan's goods, drunkenly he nodded his head saying:

"Cobalt steel exoskeleton, golden shell watch, A dead soldier's dog tag, mmm, a light firearms proficiency scroll, most likely you have just returned from that dreaded terminator world. To be able to receive so many treasures is not easy, you must have met a good team?"

Sheyan laughed and he spoke softly:

"My fortune was slightly better that's all."

The little brat shook his vodka and replied:

“From the start I’ve seen several guys were all honestly trying to buy your goods, even their offers weren’t low, yet you did not trade. Perhaps you are currently in urgent need of a large sum of cash? Or perhaps you wish to exchange for something captivating?”

Sheyan felt his heart stirred and spoke:

“What do you mean?”

The small brat giggled saying:

“I’ll take everything you have, how about 3000 utility points?”

Sheyan smiled shaking his head, that small brat’s expression followed as he continued persuading:

“Oh friend, that was a very fair offer, how much are you looking for? Unless.... You are looking to exchange with something?”

Sheyan knew that he should never lay his cards all on the table, lightly laughing as he rambled on incoherently. The conversation went back and forth until this small brat laid out all his offers, Sheyan then finally uttered out:

“How much is that physique + 3 ring worth?”

Because Sheyan had rebutted to all his offers, that brat could not deduce what his goals were, and could only raise his brows and said:

“Physique is the most crucial attribute that a contestant needs, therefore its value is definitely not low. Furthermore, a ring is originally a rare item, and thus it is very valuable over here. Listen to me my friend, 3500 utility points for your items, this offer is extremely generous.”

After observations, Sheyan felt that this little brat was quite smart, the chances of him trying to take advantage of Sheyan were slim as he replied:

“What do you think of my light firearms proficiency scroll?”

Little brat squinted his eyes and replied:

“You only plan to sell this? Although that scroll is light blue, it is too localized as it has high demands on certain attributes. Furthermore it is only a proficient mastery scroll not an expert one (followed by a long speech)....”

Sheyan had no love for such lengthy speeches just for the sake of bargaining, Shaking his head as he rudely interrupted him

“Ok ok, just tell me, this scroll in exchange for your ring plus 1000 utility points, is that fine?”

The little brat instantly shook his head, his gaze gave off a crafty look as he muttered:

“That is obviously not possible, unless you add on that golden shell watch. Also an additional 5000 utility points.”

“Golden shell watch! Again it’s that Golden shell watch!” Sheya’s heart suddenly shivered, he understood that this thing probably had a hidden worth within that he did not know. Immediately saying:

“No deal.”

At this moment, a small commotion was going on further away, once again there were a few people who left their personal rooms and went into the market. Within them there were two persons rushing out, they looked urgent as they scurried between stalls. It seemed like the item they wanted to purchase was of great significance. Moreover people who exhibited this sort of buying behavior normally wouldn’t be particular, even if they were slightly cheated they wouldn’t mind.

As they scurried around, they actually paused at Sheyan’s stall, a fairly petite and graceful figure glanced over and finally excitedly squealed! She grabbed onto the Light firearms proficiency scroll that Sheyan was selling but immediately sighed:

“A pity it’s another proficiency mastery scroll.”

However she held onto the scroll, as the larger figure beside her began to speak. His voice was deep and shaky, giving one a feeling of dignity:

“Expert mastery scrolls are not so easily found, the next work is fairly dangerous and I am not confident in protecting you. Before entering that world, you must upgrade and strengthen your own powers! If you cannot procure a light firearms expert scroll, then just make do with a light firearms proficiency scroll.”

The female very obviously trusted the man, nodding her head gently she then proceeded to negotiate with Sheyan. Sheyan wasn't the kind that would be light on women, furthermore he already had his own valuation immediately saying out:

“Ten thousand!”

The little brat was currently drinking in a mouth of vodka, but upon hearing Sheyan's words he immediately choked and the vodka sprayed out of his mouth. He looked at Sheyan with helplessness, shrugging his shoulders as he went off without saying a word to the couple beside him.

Sheyan was extremely composed, probably this thing was fairly uncommon here, however upon his earlier observation around the market initially, he realized one thing. There wasn't any other light firearms proficiency mastery scroll that was being sold here, being the only one possessing it, he naturally had the audacity of a tiger.

Not long after, that couple turned around. The male, upon seeing Sheyan with his hands folded up against his chest, raised his brows, then sternly spoke:

“Are you really interested in selling this scroll? I am interested in buying, but your exaggerated pricing leaves me with no choice. Over there, there's someone else selling a light firearms basic mastery scroll, although the effects are lousier, at least it is still worth something.”

Sheyan was extremely reactive, earlier his audacious valuation was just to test the other party's willingness in case they tried to bargain cheaply. That guy further discussed with Sheyan:

“Since you are selling this light firearms proficiency scroll and not learning it yourself, you should be a close combat type. Have you learned this advanced ability yet?”

Saying this he fished out a dark blue scroll out:

Grappling combat expert mastery scroll

Rarity: dark blue

Usage effects: Enable you to learn basic advanced skill: Expert grappling lvl 1

Usage requirements: Strength 8 points, Physique 10 points

Description: Basic skill mastery scrolls are separated into 3 types, Basic, proficient, expert. Expert scroll is the rarest, but its effects are the best.

Further description: Expert grappling lvl 1, allows you to skillfully grasp the close combat grappling techniques. Allows your close combat attacks to increase by 7, dodging by 7, blocking by 7, and resisting by 7. (If it was basic grappling, then increasing bonus would only reach 5)

Further description: You need to master basic close combat, basic footwork, basic endurance (This is different from Sheyan's innate ability), before learning this skill.

Further description: Advance ability: Expert grappling skill lvl will not be able to be higher than the skill lvl of basic close combat, basic footwork, and basic endurance. (This means, you must first upgrade the lvls of the other skills before upgrading the lvl of the advance skill)

Further description: Learning this scroll requires a fee of 1 potential point.

Sheyan's initial intention was to exchange for a high defence equipment or accessory, next in line was to exchange for equipment that increases physique. He never expected this person to brandish out a piece of scroll, and it was even a dark blue expert mastery scroll! His heart stirred, however, he understood that the description required him to grasp basic close combat, footwork and endurance. In his dismay, he treated this scroll like reaching for the reflection of the moon in the pond (chinese idiom; tricking oneself that they can reach for great heights). To a newcomer like him, no matter how good he is, it was just wishful thinking to be able to train to such levels in a short period of time. Sheyan also recalled that there were a few grappling scrolls in the market, although there weren't any expert ones, there were still several proficiency ones. Although the price wasn't cheap, bargaining was still a possibility.

Sheyan immediately replied with two words:

"No deal."

The huge dude probably guessed how Sheyan would have reacted, squinting his eyes saying:

“I add another 1000 utility points!”

After negotiations, the huge dude finally exchanged it for his scroll, 2500 utility points and a hamburger that could heal 60 HP in 20 seconds. Sheyan exchanged his scroll and the unevaluated dog tag.

Sheyan had done his research on the dog tag, it appeared quite frequently. After evaluating, it will grant you a dead soldier's dying information. After that you can bring this item to search for the person's family and receive a reward. Because every soldier's family background is different, thus your rewards could also differ greatly. If you are fortunate you would reap great benefits. However, if you are unlucky, one would even be chased out of the house. Normally, you will be rewarded with 100-200 American dollars which can be used to exchange for at least a 100 utility points.

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chapter 32

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Chapter 32: That damned prick is over there!

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I

Regarding the recent negotiations, Sheyan could be said to have gotten the better deal, but not an overwhelmingly better one. Light blue scroll and a dog tag in exchange for a dark blue scroll, utility points and food may seem like a rip off, however, in actual fact from another perspective it wasn't:

To the contestants who venture worlds, it was much better to utilize far range weapons than close combat attacks. The reason being, close combat contestants undergo a larger risk, which could be seen from the unlucky dead contestant no. 1844. Therefore, amongst contestants who survived several nightmare worlds, there would naturally be more long range combatants. The quantity of combatant type definitely affects the valuation of their respective ability scrolls.

After completing the deal, Sheyan closed his stall. He then walked about another 100 metres to another stall to purchase a basic close combat scroll with 2400 utility points. This was cheaper by a few hundred utility points as compared to the official pricing from the nightmare imprint. Entering the nightmare realm, he already naturally possessed basic footwork and basic endurance. Therefore, once he mastered this basic close combat skill, he would fit the learning criteria. He then consumed one potential point to learn the dark blue scroll.

Although this deal wasn't what Sheyan initially aimed for, but being able to learn this close combat grappling technique wasn't bad at all. It could be used to attack and guard. Still, Sheyan had no clue why that golden shell watch was so popular, however, he didn't care as the item was in his possession he could slowly analyse it. After consuming one potential point to learn the skill, Sheyan received a list of notifications:

All skill lvl upgrade phases consist of 3 lvls. For example, basic skill lvl 1-3

required 1 potential point and some utility points, 4-6 would require 2 potential points and more utility points. Anything about lvl 6 would require 3 potential points and a huge amount of utility points to increase a lvl. This is for the basic skills, if it was upgrading an advanced skill, then the consumption requirement for potential and utility points would be more frightening.

For example, to raise a basic skill to lvl 10, the required amount of potential points would be $[1 \times 3 + 2 \times 3 + 3 \times 3 = 22 \text{ points}]$! For advanced battle skills, the consumption rate would be greater! After the completion of a mission, based on the difficulty and your mission score, you will receive 1-5 potential points.

Supplementary hamburger attributes:

Hamburger (Condition: Extremely good)

“Origin: China Shanghai Dicos no. 31 shop

“Rarity: White.”

“Classification: Normal food.”

“Usage requirements: best is not during a state of battle (While consumption, moving, attacking or being attacked by others will break the healing effects)

Usage effects: Regain 60 HP within 20 seconds.

”

“Description: Eat it!.”

After settling all his stuffs, Sheyan returned to his personal room with ease due to the navigation system from the nightmare imprint. Upon returning, he felt fatigue and immediately collapsed onto the floor in deep sleep. The floor wasn't hard, as though made by flexible material, and the temperature was automatically adjusted allowing one an optimal environment. Thus while sleeping, one will not feel too warm or cold.

After awaking, Sheyan felt rejuvenated, he then used a few utility points to purchase food from the nightmare imprint. Through the nightmare imprint, he found an already prepared training ground. He realized that the training ground technological advancements were centuries ahead of the present world, it could even replicate an enemy to exchange blows with you. Apart from not being able to damage, the replica is exactly like a combat master! Sheyan had acquired two

new skills: Basic close combat and expert grappling. He familiarized those skills rapidly in his mind. Time past extremely quickly while training in this training environment.

During this period of training, Sheyan had occasionally went to tour the market, he had found a 1500 utility points basic long range combat scroll. His dream of being like his childhood heroes gunning down everyone in his surroundings had not been forgotten. Unable to resist the temptation, he moved to purchase it. However on the verge of completing the deal and receiving the item, the nightmare imprint rung loudly in his head with a notification:

Warning: Host genetic coding is unsuitable, compatibility rate with the ability scroll is only 0.316%.

Warning: The probability of unsuccessfully using the scroll is 99.718%.

Sheyan was temporarily shocked and then immediately relinquished the deal, smiling he walked back toward his training room. His childhood dream created through numerous underground society shows and his counter strike gaming had been cruelly destroyed by reality... followed by a scolding coming from the back:

“Basterd! No cash, get lost!”

Then Sheyan suddenly thought of something:

There was actually a compatibility rate for the different basic skills, then shouldn't there be a basic skill that had a high compatibility rate with him? He then proceeded to survey the other scrolls around the market, regrettably the ability scrolls were fairly uncommon and he could not find a suitable one. Furthermore, the marketplace only sold a standard batch of scrolls, there was nothing new.

A day later, while Sheyan was worrying about his rapidly shrinking utility points (Reason being he used it for the training grounds), the nightmare imprint on his chest heated up, giving out a distinct warning.

You have remained in the nightmare realm for too long, 28 minutes and 19 seconds left to the 30 hours deadline, please select to enter a nightmare world or return to the present world.

If one exceeded the deadline in the nightmare realm, then they would be penalized on their utility points based on the duration of breach. Once utility points reach 0, they would be forced back to the present world.

Beforehand, Sheyan had a slight inkling that he could return to the present world, however, he could not confirm it. Under the imprint's direction, he reached a small door on the west. The interior looks like an elevator, and when the door closed behind him, the place was sealed up completely. On the ceiling was a flickering red light, and very soon the nightmare imprint transmitted a message.

"The equipments/items you have acquired in the nightmare realm has been forcibly retained and kept in your personal room. It will be returned upon arrival back to the nightmare realm."

"In the present world, whether purposely or being questioned by others, you must not leak out information to ordinary people about the nightmare realm."

"You should try at best not to use any different special abilities you have acquired in the nightmare realm. This may result in dire consequences." (Apart from passive abilities)

"Once leaving the nightmare realm, you can only return after 7 days."

"Once the nightmare imprint heats up, you must return to the nightmare realm to accept a mission within 24 hours. To return, while walking down a staircase, form a mental connection with the nightmare imprint."

"The passage of time in the nightmare realm differs from the present world."

"Your innate ability: Endurance (passive) is classified as a concealed ability, unable to activate. Therefore, in the present world, you will not be able to receive the effects of this ability."

Although the message did not mention in details about the consequences of violating the regulations, Sheyan clearly understood the seriousness of it. Witnessing the mysteries of this realm, Sheyan did not dare to test the system. After the series of messages, the door once again reopened. Ahead of Sheyan was a corridor, and an endless pitch-black staircase. Breathing in deeply, he gently started walking up. Not long later a ray of light flashed into his eyes, after

climbing another few steps, Sheyan was breathing in cool air!

Dim and lofty lights, concrete and revised steps and an incomplete and messy construction railing! This was the previous scene where Sheyan was being hunted down! After returning to this point, the floor was once again drenched with fresh blood, and he even had distinct injuries!

Sheyan instantly understood, this should be the differing passage of time. This was the argument brought forth by Albert Einstein. He mentioned that if a spacecraft could have a speed close to the speed of light, then the time on board the spacecraft would slow down. If the speed could reach the speed of light, then the time on the spacecraft would differ from the norm and even stop. Based on the ancient chinese saying, a day in heaven is like a year on earth.

Sheyan sluggishly stood at his original place, looking down at the empty staircase, he raised his own hand to scrutinize. Previously those days and nights worth of experience, had just become a dream upon returning. His body was slightly trembling, after his initial excitement upon returning to the present world, he now felt a sense of longing and regret.

Suddenly, a fierce cursing boomed from below! Following that Sheyan could see a bunch of people streaming into the construction site's entrance. They were covered in mud and looked very malicious, fuming they cursed incessantly. Within their hands were kitchen knives, choppers, daggers, baseball bats and wooden sticks *etc.* They were Huashan Fei's underlings. Presently, Sheyan was standing underneath the lights of the stairs, being illuminated by the lights, the group of people could see him as bright as day. They stared with a cutting ferocity, pointing their fingers as they excitedly called out:

“That damned prick is over there!”

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chapter 33

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Chapter 33: Ravaged, Dried, and Rotten.

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

In his pursuers eyes, Sheyan who got shot and escaped to here was like a turtle in a jar, 500,000 yuan was ready to be collected by them. Therefore, without stopping to take a breather, they wildly charged up. Initially, Sheyan was slightly affected by them, however after numerous life and death encounters in the nightmare realm, he had already trained up his reactions and decision making. Brows twitching, he rushed up the building.

His pursuers had rushed here amidst the muddy ground and the pouring rain, they were filled with fatigue. They normally gambled and partied, and some were already past their glory years, if not for the motivation of the 500,000 yuan, they would have given up long ago. At this moment, their target was fleeing up the building without any escape route, hence they summoned their last remaining burst of strength to charge up. Yet Sheyan without any hesitation continued fleeing upwards.

After Sheyan returned from the nightmare realm, he was in an optimum state of concentration and ferociousness. The poor group of buddy underlings had all their energy cleaned up from sprinting up 5 storeys worth of stairs, their legs felt extremely heavy. It was as weak as consecutively masturbating for 3 times in one night...

Under this sort of circumstances, the first fella that reached the top of the building would suffer unimaginable consequences! Sheyan was already keeping tabs on them for some time, Huashan Fei's hired thug head was the first one to charge up while holding onto a fruit knife. It was as though in front of him was a mountain worth of 500,000 yuan! Instantly he was furiously charged at by Sheyan, strong, sturdy yet graceful and agile, was as though he had become a cheetah's meal!

The hired thug was knocked cold, as both his feet left the ground, he screamed for half a second before his throat gave up, as he crashed to the ground and spun a few times. He then laid there motionless.

The fuming reinforcements were surprised, as they struggled forward to look but only witnessed a collapsed thug with both his eyes still wide open. His face was shockingly pale, and his chest had a wound of approximately two fingers size. Blood was bubbling forth from within like boiling water, as it proceeded to heavily dye his entire shirt in red. Although the wound wasn't huge, it was deep as his situation was already hopeless. The black figure that knocked him rapidly made a roll on the ground and leapt to the edge of the roof. He turned his head around and sneered, and took off his coat to wrap around his fists. Holding onto the nearby white plastic pipe drain, he leapt down!

"Shnng shnng" the sound of friction continuously sounded. This drain wasn't properly fixed on yet, and only had a few huge nails locking it in place. Under such pressure from Sheyan it seemed like it was on the verge of collapse. However, Sheyan was only utilizing a small amount of force, he had no intention of sliding all the way down the building like a stuntmen. His aim was just to land on the balcony one floor down. The death of their head thug did not serve as a deterrence but instead agitated them further, as they rushed forward to the edge of the room to see what had happened to Sheyan. Upon seeing Sheyan landing safely on the fourth floor, they frantically shouted to proceed below.

Prior to this, Sheyan's heart was filled with apprehensiveness, right now he was actually composed and brimming with confidence. Bursting forth with energy, he nimbly and swiftly proceeded. The 'tattoo' upon his chest constantly reminded Sheyan that his earlier experience wasn't just a fantasy, but it was the harsh yet hopeful reality!

After running considerably long under the pouring rain, their low grade firearms were already rendered useless. Therefore, to the Sheyan who had undergone an ultimate evolution of his body, the only words that he chose was "Drag!". Drag on until Huashan Fei's numerous underlings had lost all strength and dispersed, then he would naturally counterattack!

After leaping down from the roof, he immediately dashed to the stair and ran down. The thugs above were like a dog that just saw a bone, persistently giving

chase even when their face had turned pale from exhaustion. Sheyan brought them on a wild goose chase around the entire construction site. Running for at least 200-300 metres before making a loop and running into another building construction.

“Wait a moment!” The person who shouted was called “Foolish Cub”. After their head had died, amongst the underlings, he was second in ranking. The thugs were all panting and dying from exhaustion, they couldn’t wait to sit down and rest. Once hearing Foolish Cub’s shout, they immediately halted.

“F** his mom, that brat has like a gas pedal under his leg, even his actions are swift and precise. Let’s leave some of us here to cover the entrance, less he takes us on another wild goose chase and leave us all worn out. I, Foolish Cub am taking command now, once we capture the person we will split the 500,000 yuan, no matter if he is covering watch or pursuing him!”

This Foolish Cub was not easily trusted, appointing Little Needle, Soft Rice and Beer Hua, his closest three colleagues to personally give chase. He then commanded the other 3 to keep watch below the building, these 3 were all closer to the dead head thug. Furious at this arrangement, they could only suck it up and scold Foolish Cub within their heart.

Foolish cub made eye contact with his three trusted confidantes, they obviously understood the underlying intentions and were filled with elation. His ‘splitting of the 500,000 yuan’ meant giving just a few hundred to the few guys below. Upon reaching the second floor, Foolish Cub urgently whispered out:

“I’ll go with Soft Rice, Beer Hua and Little Needle will go together. We will take left, you take right. Shout upon sight. The few guys below looked pretty unhappy, I’m not sure how long I can control them. If we drag on for too long, then I reckon the other guys would just come up to help. Therefore, we must cherish this opportunity and act fast to capture that dog, and finish him off quickly!”

This building was different to the office building previously, it was a factory designed building. Every level was divided into 4 different workshop districts, and each workshop district was probably about a thousand square metres large. Furthermore its interior was currently undergoing additional restructuring and

refurbishing, workshop tools, repair equipments and material rubble filled the space into a huge mess. It was so chaotic that a person entering would have his attention divided into a dozen areas.

Beer Hua and Little Needle stumbled into this environment. Cursing loudly, they begun searching cautiously, not missing out on any corner as they held on tightly to their fruit knives. Earlier, a few of these thugs were already victimized by Sheyan, and before engaging with Sheyan, they all felt that he was slightly shrewd and experienced. They did not regard him as a huge threat.

That was the fatal flaw in their thinking.

That was also the fatal flaw in the thinking of Huashan Fei's underlings!

Once the two guys examined the half hanging roll-up door, they finally saw the person they were looking for. Sheyan was standing about 5 metres away from them, with his hands folded across his chest. His facial expression was strange as though ridiculing them and treating them in contempt.

After experiencing several bloody trials in the nightmare realm, he had no concerns whatsoever regarding these two vicious looking thugs. Presently, not only was his strength greatly enhanced, he had learned two kinds of close combat techniques. He had already battled with several simulation opponents in the training ground, experiencing numerous movements and tactics to figure his maximum battle potential. Under this sort of circumstances, faced with these sort of already exhausted average thugs, what sort of suspense would there be?

Beer Hua's nickname was not because he loved drinking beer, but because he loved to use the beer bottle to smash people's heads. Therefore, his nickname was cruel and terrible. Upon seeing Sheyan, he charged forward, raising his fruit knife to chop down at him. Sheyan grinned evilly, he did not bother dodging but instead picked a nearby iron rod and swung it back!

"Clang!" sparks escaped into the air. Beer hua's knife wielding right hand shivered and turned numb, the fruit knife had already broke into two. Stumbling backwards by two metres, he realized the broken tip of the knife was lodged onto the wall as he raised his head up to look in horror. Sheyan wasn't at least bit affected from the impact, advancing a step after swinging the iron rod, he then simply swung a kick at Beer Ha.

This one strike was filled with such ferocity, even Sheyan was pushed backwards from the impact. Beer Hua was knocked and flew 2-3 metres back, finally collapsing onto the ground and sliding for a further 5-6 metres. His head had smashed into a nearby pillar, as his eyeballs popped out, after a while blood streamed out from his mouth, nose and ears. The blood dripped onto the ground forming a pool as his body shuddered and finally stopped moving. Looking at this, it was as though Sheyan did not restrain himself.

Little Needle had not even reacted up till now. Only when Beer Hua crashed backwards from the kick did he regain his senses and charged forward. This guy's mouth was incorrigible and loose, causing Sanzi to previously suffer by his hands. Sheyan had earlier wanted to get revenge on him. As the guy swung his knife down, Sheyan parried it away with his iron rod. He then positioned the rod horizontally on his left, grabbing Little Needle by this coat and heavily thrust the rod into that guy's mouth. Instantly, a little white and red could be seen spurting out. That little needle's constant yapping and obscene language momentarily turned to groans and wails of agony!

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chapter 34

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Chapter 34: Killing and Chasing

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: I and Elkassar

Huashan Fei's men were all hooligans. They had no proper training and just relied on their brute strength. If they were on a winning streak or seemed advantageous, they would appear loud and threatening. However, once they started suffering setbacks, they fell like dominos. For example that Little Needle, once he got stomped on a few times, he lost all will to battle under the immense pain. He cried out loud and tried desperately to crawl away and escape, but Sheyan easily caught up to him, using the iron rod, he mercilessly and heavily struck down on the back of his head.

"This is for Sanzi."

Sheyan coldly spoke.

Little Needle instantly turned rigid, his whole body jolted forward, shaking and twisting as his life quickly departed from his body.

Sheyan's gaze was murderous, licking the blood off the corner of his mouth, he grinned as he walked out. He had already seen through Foolish Cub's ploy. That meant that in this entire building there were only two opponents left! As he took big steps forward, his sturdy and bulging muscles bounced beneath his torn and tattered sleeveless garment. The scene was like a savage cheetah on patrol in his territory.

The Foolish Cub duo encountered Sheyan at one of the workshop entrance.

Going by another perspective, it was Sheyan who was blocking them at the workshop's entrance.

Foolish Cub's name had a foolish word, however, he wasn't dumb at all, foolish was just how he appeared to look. Once he saw Sheyan's hands were covered in

fresh blood, he understood that Beer Hua and Little Needle were the latest casualties. However, to Foolish Cub's horror, Sheyan was supposed to have gotten a gunshot wound to his stomach, but this person in front of him was perfectly strong and even agile. Even his skin wasn't the least bit torn, where did he look like a person that had sustained great injuries?

"Disguising as a pig to eat the tiger?" This notion appeared in Foolish cub's mind. Still, he could not understand Sheyan's current condition at all. Furthermore in retrospect, from beginning to the end, the series of events seemed to be a huge conspiracy. Sheyan was so cunning and capable, he could even earn the number one title within the hierarchy system of the underground organization with his talent, how would he be content with just being a fisherman on a lousy fishing boat?

Foolish cub's mind flashed with lots of suspicions, however, Sheyan already had the goal of settling things as fast as possible, how would he let go of this opportunity. Without speaking he pounced forward while lifting up his iron rod! That cold dark bloodied iron rod emitted a "weng" sound, like a lightsaber, showing off its underlying tremendous strength

The person that Foolish Cub brought was naturally his confidante, although he was called Soft Rice, in actual fact he was a crafty and vicious lad. Seeing Sheyan's action, without hesitation he raised the iron rod in his hands to block. He never expected that upon impact, his hands immediately turned numb, but the seemingly unaffected Sheyan crazily continued pounding down. It was like an explosive rain of terror!

"Bang bang bang bang!" the simultaneous pounding echoed through the workshop. Sheyan's unrestrained and frantic pounding caused the vicious Soft Rice to feel an overwhelming sense of dread. He was using both hands to withstand the poundings with his iron rod, yet both hands had turned numb, and was currently just resisting with his sheer willpower. At this moment, Sheyan used his hardest to smash down! With the thunderous sounds of the wind, a loud clashing sound followed by a gentle agonizing wail. Blood was flowing out of the webbing between the fingers of the hand wielding the iron rod, furthermore the iron rod had broken into two from the rusted areas!

In any battle, there were numerous unexpected variables. No one would be

able to predict when or guess what was going to happen. However, these variables can suddenly turn the tides around or trigger an inspiration or sudden victory. Therefore, Soft Rice seized this golden opportunity to counterattack, he may even succeed! However, Sheyan reacted with such swiftness he did not give him any breathing space. Tossing away his metal rod instantly, he nimbly took a step in!

That one step forward worked wonders, as the counterattacking Soft Rice had no room to execute his attack! A man who wanted to gather force to strike could not waddle in like a female with long skirt, but infact had to take a big step to gather force for his assault. With one leap forward, Sheyan had lodged himself between Soft Rice's legs. The distance between the two was so close it was negligible, even their breathing could be felt by each other!

Just when Soft Rice was still trying to react, Sheyan had already cleanly buried in a fist! The rock solid fist smashed onto soft rice's nose. This move to Sheyan was already something he was accustomed to and not forced. Soft rice shrieked in agony, tossing away his iron rod to press down on his nose. Sheyan viciously grinned and, pressing onto the right thigh of Soft rice and using force he ferociously kneed upwards!

This explosive knee strike shot Soft Rice up for half a metre. Reddish fresh blood sprayed out of his mouth, as his eyes popped out widely. Following this was an array of consecutive elbows and fist strikes, giving off a consistent flesh to flesh heavy pounding sound. Lastly, flinging the already half dead slump of a body heavily onto the nearby pile of iron fence, as the body slammed down rattling the fences. The body rolled down slowly, leaving a big trail of red on the fence down!

Sheyan then spun around, wiping off the blood on his face. This gaze was blazing with rage, yet his words were as calm as the ocean, softly and steadily vocalizing his voice.

“Don't worry, next up is your turn.”

Presently, Sheyan wasn't spared from sustaining injuries as his back had two long intersecting wounds, forming into an 'x'. Bloodied flesh were hanging off from the wound, and it looked quite serious. The back of his entire tattered and

torn garment was already dyed crimson. While Sheyan was furiously unleashing his blows onto Soft Rice, Foolish Cub did not stand still but frenziedly slashed his knife around. Sheyan managed to evade most of the strikes, but still suffered two heavy slashes.

Only Sheyan's innate ability "endurance" could not be activated, however, his physique was two folds of an average person. When Foolish Cub slashed down on his skin, after slicing through two inches, it got jammed by Sheyan's thick muscles, unable to dive deeper to inflict heavier damage!

If an ordinary person suffered such injuries, even if they could tolerate the pain, they would still be affected greatly by it. However, after his transformation, Sheyan could still utilize his maximum powers even after suffering an assault. That was the greatest advantage a contestant had over the average joe.

Foolish cub stood there in a daze, as his expression was one of watching a horror movie in broad daylight. He was astonished at the fact that this familiar person had suddenly transformed into a war machine like Bruce Lee! This gap in power was too tremendous!

10 minutes ago, Foolish Cub was scheming how to get rid of Sheyan and obtain the 500,000 yuan, but now, the only notion he had in his mind was:

That was to survive.

Face with Sheyan giving a sly expression, Foolish Cub could taste bitterness in his mouth, as goosebumps enveloped his body. It was the kind of horrific situation akin to a rat face to face with a cat. He screamed out loudly, in desperation he aimed the fruit knife at Sheyan and threw it, turning his body around he started fleeing! The terrified foolish cub was filled with that one notion, that was to go down and rejoin the rest!

Faced with a flying knife, Sheyan casually pinched it with his fingers in mid air! The blood flowed between his fingers, dropping to the floor one drip at a time. However, his face remained the same, a cruel and cold expression. As the desperate Foolish Cub rushed down the stairs, he suddenly felt a huge figure brushing over him along with a gust of wind. Foolish Cub screamed in shock, dodging to the back and feeling a strange, nice and warm thing splashing onto his face. Feeling it, he realized it was droplets of fresh blood! It was the corpse of

Soft Rice that was thrown down!

With one throw, Sheyan destroyed the staircase railing, and blocked Foolish Cub. He slowly and steadily inched ahead giving one the feeling of someone who was in total control. Foolish Cub was currently trembling from head to toe, as he knelt down and cried out in exasperation:

“Sheyan bro! It is Huashan Fei who ordered us, it wasn’t my idea!”

Sheyan ignored him and silently inched closer, he was like the gradual darkness following the setting of the sun. The kneeling Foolish Cub upon seeing Sheyan’s feet coming right before him, his eyes flashed with viciousness. Using his right hand to grab Sheyan’s left foot, his left hand then reached out for a hidden knife inside his trouser pocket. His idea was to cause Sheyan to lose his balance and then stab him with the knife. However, Sheyan strongly raised his left leg, using the same strength coupled with swiftness he stomped down!

“Ah!!!” Foolish Cub’s miserable shrieks filled the air. This one stomp was Sheyan’s full strength, foolish cub’s right hand felt like it went through a meat grinder, flesh torn and bloody, even exposing a deep white portion of the finger bone. No wonder he could only scream in pain. Sheyan had now reached his back, heavily stepping down onto his vertebrae, he bent down and pulled his hair raising his face along with it. Sheyan then bent down further to his ears, coldly pronouncing one word at a time:

“Uncle Dasi’s fingers, wasn’t it you who personally sliced it off one by one?”

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chapter 35

Hello everybody,

This is me giving you the daily chapter of The Ultimate Evolution!

Now, I have a special announcement to make.

We are nearing the end of volume 2(3 more chapters) and in celebration we have decided to do a mass release!

The way this is going to work is this: for every sponsored chapter for any other novel on the site another chapter of TUE will be released(up to 40 chapters, there's a fu**ing limit a'ight?)!

So sponsor lotsa chapters guys

Please join me in thanking:

Translated by: Chua

Editors: I and Elkassar

Proofreader: Elkassar

The Ultimate Evolution main page: [here](#)

Chapter Link: [chapter 35](#)

chapter 36

Way too tired to actually say anything.
Just read the chapter

Please join me in thanking:
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chapter 37

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Chapter 37: Return

Translated by: Chua

Edited by: Elkassar

After Huashan Fei had received a desperate phone call from his underling and rushed back, a house filled with blood and chaos greeted him. He did not even bother looking at Harry's corpse, frustratedly kicking it aside as he furiously rushed to his bedroom. He immediately turned rigid, because he had earlier spent 50,000 on an 'impregnable' safety deposit box, and yet this box laid crooked on the ground. The opening of that deposit box was still swaying lightly, but most importantly.... Its interior was as clean as a basin that had been licked up by a dog.

Originally inside the box, was an entire 20kg of drugs and five hundred thousand RMB!

Following a trail of white powder on the floor, Huashan Fei followed it to the nearby toilet. Beside the toilet bowl were numerous packets of cloudy white transparent bags. These murky white transparent bags were tossed to the side, as white powder was scattered all about the toilet floor. Huashan Fei could feel his head exploding from within, his eyes darkened as he couldn't resist groaning out loud.

His worst prediction had happened: That damned Sheyan brat actually resisted the temptation of the drugs, he f**ing flushed an entire 20 kg of drugs down the toilet bowl! This white powder was 99% purity Heroin! If he had to reproduce these drugs again through the manufacturer, and produce another batch, Huashan Fei's losses could be counted in the millions!

.....

Presently, Sheyan was sitting on a bumpy bus, his body was covered by a raincoat and he was holding onto an ordinarily looking briefcase. Yet the

briefcase contained the five hundred thousand RMB that belonged in the safety deposit box of Huashan Fei. He was sitting in the last row at the back of the bus, his body shaking to the rhythmic tempo of the bumpy bus, closing his eyes he took a short nap. After entering the present world, he once again suffered heavy injuries, however, Sheyan could feel that even the two deep cuts on his back were healing at a miraculous rate. After a few hours, there wasn't even a scar left behind.

Where did this bus come from and what was its destination, Sheyan did not know. After boarding it, he threw a hundred dollar note at the driver and mentioned that he wanted to ride to the last stop before sitting down. In fear that his enemy would track him, the best choice was to head for a location that he himself did not know of.

Therefore Sheyan waited on the roadside for the bus. Any bus no matter its direction, price or destination he just boarded it. Once he reached the destination then he will start to figure out how to reunite with Uncle Dasi . Not only did Huashan Fei have deep connections within the prefectural city of Guangxi, he would definitely expose Sheyan to the law as a murderer and a robber. Therefore Sheyan calculated that he would not only be hunted by the underground organizations, but also the entire country!

A few days later, after rotating through several buses, Sheyan reached the interior of Guangdong province. After getting down from his long journeying, he immediately boarded another old and shabby mini-bus. This mini-bus was so dirty from the mud that even its branding could not be recognized. Although the driver and ticketing manager appeared sincere and cheerful, they could not fully hide their inner ferocity. Indeed, once the bus reached a remote place, it halted as the ticketing manager turned fierce and demanded from everyone to pay up 100 dollars. Sheyan encountering felt delighted instead of shocked, as he honestly paid up. This driver was outrightly violating the law, therefore the route that he took was definitely out of sight from the police and away from the usual route. This remoteness was extremely beneficial to him.

Sheyan's aim was a small island to the east of Guangdong province, called Fanchan (a type of Chinese cobra) Island. This island was originally a fishing farm owned by a cultivating family, however they fell into bankruptcy and the boss in

his desperation committed suicide by jumping into the sea. Following that people gossiped that this island was shaped like a head of a cobra, this shape of a poisonous snake was not good for Fengshui, therefore it gradually became deserted.

Earlier when Uncle Dasi lost his way out in sea, they came across this island and felt that this place could be used to hide away from the storm. Its distant market wasn't considerably far and they could sell fish there. The place was relatively clean, and thus they proclaim this place to be their secret hideout. Following Sheyan's calculation, after Fuyuan (the boat) left the port, there was a high probability of it making its way here to lay low from the storm.

Fanchan island was located 2-3km away from the shore. In order to prevent unwanted attention, Sheyan purposely hid away in a remote place for 2 hours, waiting for nightfall before swimming out into the ocean. However to his disappointment, the hut on the island was exactly the way they left it previously, there was even a layer of dust on the table. Obviously they hadn't been here.

Fortunately, before that, they left behind a few bags of rice and pickles, and this place was not lacking in fresh water. Therefore Sheyan decided to lay low over here, anyway according to his predictions, he was probably wanted by the police. This wanted news was always the hottest within a week since the announcement, then it would gradually die down. After a month, to the other provinces and states, the wanted posters would just be treated as scrap paper. Of course a month of surviving on just pickles is undesirable, however Sheyan was an experienced and outstanding fishermen. The surrounding sea was his playground as he could easily acquire fresh seafood.

Therefore Sheyan stayed there, he even followed how he trained in the the nightmare realm and did the same there. Time flew by quickly, Sheyan had left the nightmare for already 17-18 days. This afternoon, Sheyan was chilling by the coast (seizing the low tide to gather his seafood), he had already gathered half a kg of sea intestine (also known as the penis fish). The nightmare imprint on his chest suddenly heated up, his heart started beating rapidly as he shut his eyes to inquire. Immediately, a series of notification entered his mind:

“Please re-enter the nightmare realm within 24 hours.”

Sheyan inhaled deeply, faced with this mysterious and dangerous realm, he felt not a single trace of fear but instead a hidden and longing excitement! Rowing his sampan excitedly he headed for dry land. After half an hour, Sheyan was already staying in Pingyu town that was 5 km away. Earlier he had accompanied Uncle Dasi here to illegally sell their sea products, therefore he had a degree of familiarity towards this town.

Very quickly, he entered the largest supermarket there and went to the third floor, seizing the chance when nobody was looking he entered the fire exit. Lightly bolting the door, Sheyan quietly walked down the stairs of the fire exit, at the same time he communicated with his nightmare imprint.

Very quickly, he reached the bottom of the stairs, suddenly, a deeper and longer staircase appeared as if leading to an unknown and mysterious world. After walking through a few flights of stairs, a boundless black fog enveloped him, as the nightmare imprint on his chest radiated. A scarlet red ray flashed out into a walkway, as Sheyan followed the walkway he quickly reached the same elevator that he used to exit the nightmare realm .

Those days training on the island were not wasted, Sheyan had actually raised a point in physique and a point in preceptive sensing. After retrieving his equipment/items, his attributes were as follows:

Strength 11 points (101)

Agility 8 points (71)

Physique 16 points (1411)

Perceptive sensing 13 points (121)

Charm 8 points (611)

Intelligence 6 points (51)

Spirit 5 points (41)

Primary number refers to the basic attribute, secondary is the total score after adding equipment.

His usable items were only a few: After eliminating the healing hamburger, he was left with the unpurified black blood orchid element elixir that he acquired

from the unfortunate Cazider. Sheyan closely examined and after making sure there was nothing left, he leapt out of the elevator.

It was impossible to determine whether it was day or night in the nightmare realm, the surrounding lights were not piercing to the eyes. After returning, Sheyan felt a strange unexplainable amiable feeling. He returned to the marketplace to tour around, and discovered a few tempting items. Regrettably the utility points he had on hand were too little. Therefore he couldn't help feeling inadequate.

As Sheyan was about to leave, he suddenly saw a crowd of people nearby, and they appeared to be intensely arguing. He then crept closer, he realized things were fairly simple. Two groups of people had caught sight of an archaic silver bell, and they were fiercely bidding for it. These sort of scenarios were extremely welcoming to the seller, more bonus from selling! However things were heating up between the two groups, if not for the peace mode in the nightmare realm preventing fighting, a conflict would have broken up long ago.

Regarding this sort of commotion, Sheyan had no intentions to be dragged in, he just casually hung around to listen to their conversations:

“5000 utility points, in addition 10 potential points!

“5500 utility points, in addition 11 potential points!”

“Oh shit this scumbag, this damaged sacred bell is only useful towards darkness type creatures, furthermore it can only be used for another 5 more times, how can it reach such a high price?!”

“Extremely sorry sir, the next world i'm planning to venture to consist of a great deal of darkness type creatures, therefore an item that can intimidate those detestable creatures, I feel that it's worth it.”

“.....”

“.....”

Sheyan did not bother listening to the rest of the conversation, he suddenly realized something sensitive from that sentence.

“Extremely sorry sir, the next world i'm planning to venture to consist of a great deal of darkness type creatures....”

How did this fella know that his next world consist of a huge amounts of darkness type creatures? Unless, there is a method to forecast your next nightmare world destination. Going by this, they can learn the story line, even if the plot changes, they would have certain preparations or even equipment/items prepared specifically. This will greatly increase the chances of success and survival!

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